



No. 119.—VOL. X.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6*½*d.



MISS LETTY LIND IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The Rosinante which appeared at the Lyceum on Saturday is not the first of Don Quixote's steeds. Mr. Irving became the proud possessor of an old circus horse, and everything went well till the animal heard the strains of the orchestra. Then, turning a reproachful eye on Mr. Meredith Bull, as much as to say, "This is not quite the sort of music I have been accustomed to, but I'll do my best," the veteran nag proceeded to show his professional paces. First one ear shot up in a singular manner, while the other remained quiescent. Then the horse stood up on his hind legs; then he showed the ease and grace with which he could kneel down. Don Quixote was enchanted; but, using a familiar formula at the Lyceum, he said, "Take this excellent beast away—he is too good for this piece!" The second Rosinante, I hear, has been stone-blind from his birth.

The reproduction of Mr. Pinero's second play, "Bygones," reference to which was made in "Small Talk" last week, will remind older playgoers of the delightful acting of Miss Alma Murray in the part of the heroine. "Bygones" succeeded "Daisy's Escape" as a front piece at the Lyceum in those days, which admirable little piece was, I believe, Mr. Pinero's first attempt at play-writing, and in it he represented the rich young snob, with whom Daisy eloped, and from whom she escaped. Miss Alma Murray, who was then the *ingénue* at Mr. Irving's Theatre, created the part of Daisy, and I remember seeing a letter from the now famous dramatist thanking her for her charming impersonation. It seems almost a matter for regret that the more important work done of late years by this clever actress has prevented her from giving us some more examples of the delicate comedy displayed in Mr. Pinero's two little plays. By the way, Miss Murray, with Misses Dalton and Glenny, is about to appear in a melodrama by Mr. Silvanus Dauncey (Mr. H. A. Jones's brother), called "The Reckoning," at the Grand Theatre. This is to give the play, which is going to the provinces, a good "shove-off."

Referring to the article in last week's issue on Miss Ellen Terry's birthplace, and the expression of surprise that "the old story of Lady Godiva" has never been dramatised, a correspondent writes that, for some time past, a preliminary announcement of the production of a drama, "Lady Godiva," at the Coventry Opera House, has been widely circulated through the locality where that historic lady first made her *début*. Moreover, this is not the first production by any means.

The reception of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company on their return from the States might well drive young people to the stage, almost the only career in which success is rewarded with such tangible flattery. Even the play "John-a-Dreams" came in for some hearty rounds, though an observer would doubt from its greeting whether the work of Mr. Haddon Chambers is likely to run very much longer. Nor can one pretend to hope that it will, since Mr. Tree has promised "Fédora" as its successor, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the name-part. It may be granted that our late taste of Sardou has been depressing, but certainly the story of the woman spy is a capital test-piece for the actress.

There are still unbelievers in Mrs. Campbell—people who suggest that her success has been merely due to a happy coincidence of part with player, who, looking upon Agnes and Paula as character-parts, doubt whether she can get out of a narrow track. This may sound irrelevant to "John-a-Dreams," unless you recollect that most of us went to see the play again not on account of its interest or merit, but because Mrs. Tree was to take the part of Kate Cloud, in which Mrs. Campbell had a stunted success. And Mrs. Tree? Her curious, charming personality and fine gifts do not enable her to do very much with the part. The real human note is absent, and the needless, one may truly say impudent, "woman with a past" business hardly takes its place. Consequently, one concludes that the check in Mrs. Patrick's career was the fault of the author. Harold Wynne is a poor part for Mr. Tree, who has little chance of doing more than show his discretion. The pleasantest matter in the piece is still Mr. Nutcombe Gould's charming work as the old father, and Mr. Herbert Ross's ingenious acting as the farcical lover.

Possibly the word "sport" as a piece of scientific slang would not be understood by everyone; however, Mr. "Austin Fryers" has used it in the play called "A Human Sport," produced at the Globe during the week. The botanist and zoologist employ it as name for an extraordinary, inexplicable variation from a normal type; nevertheless, in the drama the word is used of a drunkard who appears, alas! to be in no way remarkable. Perhaps it is good that dramatists should not deal in "sports," for really plays are better when they deal with the normal than the abnormal—or, since we are all, to some extent, abnormal, I should say with normal varieties of the abnormal. Certainly, when one finds that a man, whose craving for drink has brought misery to his wife and child as well as himself, refuses to run the risk of causing their old wounds to bleed again by revealing himself and entering in their society upon another campaign against this curse, one merely sees a not uncommon case of a conscience some shreds of which have survived the attacks of alcohol. "A Human Sport," then, proved to be a sentimental one-act play, remarkable only because of the strange folly of a young man who proposed to take a drunken workman into partnership because he felt it unjust to use the man's ability at the price the owner put upon it. The piece cannot be called very good, nor yet very bad; the acting of Mr. James Welch as the drunkard was clever, but a little forced, probably because he felt that his part was too short to enable him to produce a great effect without violence.

THE TRIPLE BILL AT THE LYCEUM.

It would be ungrateful on my part to say anything unkind about the first of the three plays in the new Lyceum programme, seeing how much I have won in a wager as to the number of Sunday papers that would make the obvious jest about letting "Bygones" be bygones. The truth is that both Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Pinero are well aware that the pretty, old-fashioned comedietta is not of serious importance, and that, in fact, its greatest value is in the encouragement to young dramatists, who may argue that if the author in fifteen years could reach "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," starting from "Bygones," there is hope for all. Doubtless the argument is unsound: there must be in the ever-pretty play some evidence of Mr. Pinero's remarkable gifts, although it is not sufficiently clear to be detected.

For the most curious thing about "Bygones" is the excellence of its workmanship. No doubt, in the matter of technique we have advanced greatly, but there are some fashionable playwrights who to-day would not handle the simple, strained love-story in a more modern fashion—would not render it less sentimental or more reticent. Moreover, it did not appear to strike the audience as old-fashioned—indeed, the house was charmed by it, and the piece should draw thousands to see the pleasant acting of Miss Annie Hughes as the undignified Ruby; the able character-work of Mr. Sydney Valentine, the amorous, chivalrous Italian professor; the excellent playing of Mr. Haviland as the somewhat inaccurate parson; Mr. Ben Webster as the priggish hero; and Miss Ailsa Craig, the melodramatic foundling.

It is not so easy to deal with "Don Quixote," for one wishes to distinguish between the pleasure given by Mr. Irving's performance and the weariness caused by the piece. It may be a case of personal prejudice, may be not untainted with vanity, yet I prefer my ideas of dear old books to those of others, and I do not like to have them disabused. When but a little boy, I got hold of Smollett's translation in two volumes, medium quarto, with Hayman's twenty-four charming plates "engraved by the best artists," and it has always represented the Don a rather Hidalgo to me. Even the illustrations by Doré, though no doubt very much better, have not made me unfaithful to Hayman. Now it is certain that if a new stage version of the book which has hitherto laughed at the unsuccessful efforts of adapters was to be made, Mr. Henry Irving is the man to play the part. His physique, his cast of countenance—as modified by his art—and his delightful personal dignity make him an admirable representative of the knight-errant.

Yet it lies beyond the power of dramatist to represent, in the concrete form of the stage, the two almost contradictory attitudes of the character that one conceives. Laughter at the comic episodes and pity for the madman can be contrived; but how reach the curious sympathy with the man—the belief in him similar to that which he had in his mission which one can feel in reading the book? I remember that, even when I was a little boy, though I looked upon Sancho as purely comic, I had some feeling of awe, respect, and admiration for his master. Moreover, while it is easy to understand his illusions when the actual things are not before the eyes, it is impossible to believe in his attack upon an imaginary foe when one can see that it is but a helmet and breast-plate that he beholds. One might overlook the too-early appearance of Sancho, who did not really attend the first expedition, the ill-contrived introduction of Dulcinea, and the clumsy effort to drag in a plot between the curate and niece to cure Master Quixada, in honour of the splendid ability of Mr. Irving's work, if the piece were less tiring. I should like to say that the second scene presents a charming picture, and that the Spanish dance was so fascinating that it might well have been twice as long.

Of course, I was told that I ought to have seen "A Story of Waterloo" at Bristol or at the London matinée, as it was much better than on Saturday night. However, I do not believe the statement. It seemed to me that the play and playing were as near perfection as human things should be. This handsome praise I must make haste to qualify by adding that the chief qualities are negative. I do not go so far as the critic who suggested to me that any sound actor of artistic feeling could have presented the part of Corporal Brewster as well as Mr. Irving, whose chief merit was his remarkable, painful "make-up." Yet it seemed to me that the piece put little tax on the actor's great gifts, and that he has rarely produced with so little effort such a striking result. Much the same may be said of the piece. One must admire the artistic taste that led Dr. Conan Doyle to eschew the obvious sentiment and pathos of "my old Dutch" order which might have been introduced, and the physiological skill shown in his study of senility. Possibly, such is the unsoundness of one's art instincts, one deplores this admirable restraint, since the result of it is so high a degree of truth as to make the piece almost too painful: one was forced to believe in what was presented, and it is decidedly gruesome to be present at the death of an old man, even if he has already enjoyed more than his span of life. This leads to the opinion which I share, that the piece belongs to a class to which one may apply Bacon's line, "The better the worse." Such subjects as death may be treated in a play, but not as a play. Mr. Fuller Mellish has rarely done anything so excellent as his Sergeant McDonald. Miss Annie Hughes, though her accent was intermittent and at times she was too bucolic, gave a pretty performance as Nora.

MONOCLE.

If the acquirement of household gods has been robbed of romance it has also lost its Troublesomeness. One cannot help being convinced of that fact by looking over the elaborate catalogue of furniture, containing upwards of two thousand designs and estimates, issued by Messrs. Druce and Co., of Baker Street. It is a very useful publication.

MAY 8, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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DON QUIXOTE.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The critic is not always murdering butterflies or masterpieces. He has his gracious impulses, like other human creatures, especially at this season, when his postal district is luminous with rare sunshine, when every commonplace thing breaks out with a new inspiration, when he perceives speechless messages of life even in a bundle of asparagus. This is the time when he is happy to stroll down Piccadilly to the Park, absorbed in the common lot, thankful that he bears no evidence of his horrid trade about him, that no one can recognise him as a kill-joy by the operation of his facial muscles. A distinguished physiognomist has been telling us that a man's occupation, as well as his elementary moral bias, may be stamped on his features; but as the passers-by—possible authors all—do not shrink from me with a shudder, I am relieved to think that the critic may still beguile the world with the mask of innocence. The machinery of nutrition, says the physiognomist, arranges our outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual disgrace, and it may be that I owe my disguise to the blessed habit of drinking ginger-ale at luncheon. Otherwise, would that Hallelujah lass, with one eye, fix her remaining orb on me merely with the reproof she addresses to the ordinary sinner?

On such an afternoon in May the hangman might be glad of a precious *incognito*, while he shares the pleasures of the people. I do not think of butchered innocents (in three volumes) as I stand at the Park gate to watch the dashing equipages emerge. No mist of crime obscures my enraptured vision of a lady perched on a high box-seat behind two high-stepping steeds. The crowd is fascinated by her bonnet, from which rises straight into the air a delicate green plume, followed afar in the glittering traffic by the gaze of gentle and simple, of nursemaid and executioner. Somewhat disturbing, perhaps, is the performance of a blind gentleman on a tin whistle, not because his accents are piercing, but because he suggests a distressing literary analogy. But when the green plume is out of sight, I exchange a pure aesthetic delight for a certain news-board which, side by side with the palpitating contents bill of the evening journal, offering sensational wares, invites me to contemplate the ecstasy of the Voluntary Life. Amid the whirl and turmoil of a self-seeking, censorious, and tyrannical world, it is always refreshing to turn to this advertisement of Mr. Auberon Herbert's ideal State, in which nobody will be persecuted, regulated, or restricted. Taxes are to be voluntary; no sect, political or religious, is to usurp authority and exact allegiance. In such an atmosphere, literature, no doubt, will bloom with fragrant exuberance, and the critic, whose business it is to persecute, to numb, and to destroy, will be swept from the path of a free and enlightened public.

With this chastening thought, I sit me down on a chair in the Row and remember Mr. Hall Caine. At the Booksellers' Dinner, that eminent novelist spoke with pain of writers who live by the favour of the critics. On the same occasion, Mr. Edmund Gosse, finding a goose with golden eggs in the *menu*, delivered a little homily on the greed of "great authors." It seems that they have an impolitic appetite for the bird; for, as she cannot "lay" fast enough to please them, they insist on serving her up with royalty sauce. Well, if there be any authors who live by the favour of the critics, they are probably saved from the grasping profligacy condemned by Mr. Gosse. The critic who, like Hedda Gabler, yearns to have a hand among the threads of a human destiny, may congratulate himself that, by judiciously cutting up a book now and then, he prevents the author from trying to carve the precious goose. This aspect of the matter gives quite a moral glow to the critical function. But your great author is beyond this control; he has satisfied what Mr. Hall Caine calls the true test of merit, for does not the sympathetic bosom of an enormous public throb at the mention of his name? Why should he trouble his head about the favour or disfavour of reviewers? If they are unkind, is there no balm in the sale of fifty thousand copies? Why is he haunted, in after-dinner speeches, by the carping tribe?

Of course, it is well known that no criticism ever affects the popular judgment. The critic is an obtrusive creature who prints his spleen for a livelihood. He draws distinctions between books which are literature and books which are not. He meets the milkmaid, Popularity, and remarks that he can't marry her. "Nobody axed you, Sir," she says. Yet he presumes to hint that there is a large percentage of water in the pail. Frankly, I don't see the use of him. If there were no critics, the great author would not be compelled to read reviews which he despises. He would have his sympathetic public, articulate only in arithmetic; and, although figures are sometimes disappointing, they do not argue, and analyse, and make satirical jests. Or, if the critic must exist, there

ought to be limits to his confounded verbosity. When Abraham Lincoln was asked what he thought of a certain sermon, he said, "If people like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they will like." Criticism, when it is not enthusiastic, ought always to be kept within these bounds. That golden sentence of Lincoln's might be made the motto of the critical department in the journals; and under it I would print every day, without particular comment, the names of quite a multitude of popular books. This method would save a great deal of trouble and space; it would also compel some reviewers to earn an honest living or seek relief from the rates; and yet I believe that at the next Booksellers' Dinner, after this reform, some eminent novelist would declare with tears in his eyes that he had seen a critic that day sweeping a crossing, and would call on all great authors to demand the restoration of criticism as an indispensable branch of industry.

Even a reviewer may be conscientious in a perverted way. In spite of his natural malignity, he may have the habit of reading a book in its entirety before he writes a line. I have known critics like that. It is they, no doubt, who have started the notion that English novels are too long. I see that publishers have been consulted as to the popular taste in this respect—the only taste that counts; but they confine themselves to guarded generalities, such as that the public likes a long novel, when it is good, and that, for short novels, there is a brisk demand. Now, the conscientious critic groans when he receives a volume of five hundred pages, with five hundred words in a page. He knows what this is: it is a cradle-to-the-grave story. It begins with the infancy of the hero, devotes a chapter to his teething, analyses his transition from frocks to knickerbockers, recounts his struggles with the first dose of senna. It is all extremely well done—as a *vade mecum* for mothers, it is even invaluable; but to the laborious critic who never misses a word it is a heavy affliction. I suspect that such books are written now for his special discipline. The author has a rich revenge in the thought that he is paving the way for the reviewer's weary pilgrimage. The general reader trips lightly wherever he is led; no road is too long for him. But the critic, who would leave the book unread if it were not for the sense of duty which is part of his punishment in this world, toils through the narrative, like a captive in the desert.

In the *Humanitarian* this month there is a "symposium" about the "Problem Play." Nobody in this case has anything particular to say in reply to the question, "Should social problems be freely dealt with in the Drama?" except Miss Dorothy Leighton and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw, as might be expected, is all for turning the theatre into "a platform for propaganda and an arena for discussion," in order to hasten the social revolution. "When we succeed in adjusting our social structure in such a way as to enable us to solve social questions as fast as they become really pressing, they will no longer force their way into the theatre." But reform can be made practicable only by putting "pressure" on the powers that be, and to effect this the poets and dramatists "must lend a hand to the few who are willing to do public work in the stage at which nothing but abuse is to be gained by it." But some day our social organisation will be so transformed that questions which concern our prosaic well-being will be disposed of "long before they become grave enough to absorb the energies which claim the devotion of the dramatist, the story-teller, and the poet."

Mr. Shaw's propaganda is, of course, the propaganda of Socialism, and our dramatists do not enter into this because, unlike Shakspere, they "take no interest in polities." It is like Mr. Shaw's argumentative quaintness to cite Shakspere as a lecturer on "social questions," on the strength of Hamlet's musings about suicide and Cassio's remorse for his drunkenness. Mr. Shaw wants the stage to join in a crusade against specific institutions, such as private property in land and in the means of production; and I await with interest the rise of a theatrical manager who shall produce a play with this object, and persuade the public to go and see it. Moreover, though the decline of the artist into the propagandist is not unknown, the development of the propagandist into the artist is a phenomenon that is still to seek. To readjust society on the platform is simple, and as common as May Day meetings; but to teach us, by dramatic art, that a universal eight-hours law is essential to our well-being, or that individualism is the curse of the industrial world, is scarcely a promising enterprise. Miss Dorothy Leighton, who, as a director of the Independent Theatre, is a disinterested witness, objects to the drama as "a pulpit for the author's opinions." When the stage becomes didactic, art is dead. When the "problem play" quits the sphere of the emotions, and favours us with the logic of advanced economics, it becomes absurd. Mr. Shaw had better content himself with those weapons of controversy which he handles with so much dexterity, to the infinite refreshment of friend and foe.

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TRAVELLING STATESMEN.

The English railway has become not only the willing servant of commercial life, but a disinterested election agent. It works for both sides, and at the same time has wrought a great change in the methods of political struggle. In 1835, Charles Dickens, then unknown as a novelist, went down to Exeter to report the speeches of Lord John Russell in the Devonshire contest, and sent his manuscript to town by coach and saddle-horses. Ten years afterwards, Mr. James Allport (he had not then been knighted) travelled by special train from Sunderland to London with the result of the election at the former place, and returned North again with a copy of *The Times* containing the figures, journeying between five o'clock in the evening and ten in the morning no fewer than six hundred miles. Since Mr. Allport's exploit the railway has made political achievements still easier.

There is another and very remarkable use to which the railway is put in connection with politics. The train, in which you can travel, read, write, dine, and sleep, is now also recognised as the rostrum of the political orator, and the platform of the railway station as the rough-and-ready—the noisy and bustling meeting-house. Demosthenes was satisfied if he spoke well in the Senate; Pitt was generally content to make his voice heard at St. Stephen's; John Bright uttered words of wisdom to many a great throng in public hall, but he never tried to out-shout a locomotive. On the other hand, no modern statesman who aspires to be Prime Minister can afford to cling with absolute constancy to the old dignified forums. There is, to-day, as much enterprise in politics as in business; and the resourceful man, capable of speaking anywhere, on any topic, is the politician the people admire and cheer.

Mr. Gladstone quickly realised the existence of the new enthusiasm. The great speech, the stirring peroration, the thunders of applause, were gratifying and satisfying to the thousands in big cities, but the politicians by the wayside, or rather, by the lineside, yearned either for counsel or sympathy, or earnestly desired to show their hero-worship. The opportunity came. When the Liberal leader journeyed to town to legislate, or to centre of industry to advise and instruct his party, he was waylaid *en route*. Deputation after deputation hurried to stations and presented addresses, and Mr. Gladstone, speaking from the railway-carriage window, reciprocated their good wishes, and fostered their hopes of victory and reform with aptitude and versatility. Mr. Gladstone, who was born in the days when railways were not, has the distinction of

HAYMARKET THEATRE. — MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
REAPPEARANCE of MR. and MRS. TREE after their visit to America.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (for a limited number of nights, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers' successful play)

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

Mr. Tree, Mr. Charles Cartwright, Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Herbert Ross, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Le Thiere, and Mrs. Tree.
Box-Office (Mr. W. Leverton) 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE. — Sole Proprietor, Edward Terry; Lessee and Manager, HENRY DANA. THE PASSPORT. By B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Every evening at 9. At 8.15 A WOMAN'S NO. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats at all libraries.

EMPIRE THEATRE. — TWO GRAND BALLETTS. — LA FROLIQUE at 7.45 and FAUST at 10. Great Success. Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.30.

NIAGARA HALL. — REAL ICE SKATING.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—Reduction in prices of admission for summer months only. 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2s.; 3 to 6.30 p.m., 3s.; 7.30 to 11.30 p.m., 2s. Mr. Geo. A. Meagher, World's Champion Fancy and Figure Skater, will give exhibitions of his wonderful skill daily at 5 and 9.30 p.m. St. James's Park Station.

AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION. — CRYSTAL PALACE.—The African Loan Exhibition, embracing curios and articles of interest from all parts of the African Continent, will be OPENED in the Grand Nave of the Crystal Palace about the middle of MAY.

EAST AFRICAN (SOMALI) VILLAGE in the Grounds of the CRYSTAL PALACE. To be opened about the middle of MAY, under direction of Herr CARL HAGENBECK. Great African native display by sixty-six natives of Somaliland, and 350 African animals. First time Somalis have ever visited England.

AFRICA IN LONDON. — CRYSTAL PALACE. — Twenty-four African Lions, Twenty Racing Dromedaries, Twenty-five Somali Racing Ponies, Twenty-five Ostriches, Eleven Elephants, and 250 Somali Sheep, Goats, Cheetahs or Hunting Panthers, Zebras, Leopards, Hyenas, Gazelles, Antelopes, Giant Pythons, Wild Dogs, Wild Donkeys, Monkeys, Baboons, &c. &c. The East African (Somali) Village will Open about the middle of May.

OLYMPIA. — THE ORIENT. — OLYMPIA. Open 12 to 11 p.m., without interval. 3000 Tickets for numbered and reserved seats at 1s. (including admission to all Side Shows) on sale from 12 and 6 p.m. for Morning and Evening Performances respectively. In the event of these being sold, Promenade Tickets at 1s. are issued at once admitting to all Side Shows, but not to Grand Stage Spectacle. Tickets 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s., at the doors or in advance at all Box-Offices or Olympia. Children half-price to Morning Spectacle to seats above 1s. Covered Way from and to Addison Road Station. Oriental Warmth. 2500 Performers. The Grandest Show on Earth.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."—Lord Macaulay.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengariff, Caragh Lake for Glenvar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare; also to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the London and North-Western, and Midland or Great Western Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide free.

being the first railway-station orator. His facility of language and physical agility are marvellous, though he long ago "climbed to the snows of age." He can adapt himself to any subject and circumstance. He can not only sway the multitude by the mellow cadence of his rhetoric, but he can speak equally well in waiting-room, on footboard, and from railway carriage. Once, when besieged by an eager crowd at a busy station, it was suggested that he should bestride the engine!

Familiar with the story of Pegasus, Mr. Gladstone preferred to remain in the saloon; and from this vehicle, on one line or another, he has made numerous speeches in the West and South of England, and also in East Anglia. But his tours to Midlothian have been the most memorable. For years past, notwithstanding the erratic fluctuation in political feeling, he has had a prince's progress—addresses of welcome and solicitude, heartiest greetings, rare gifts, and his way strewn with flowers and brightened by gay-coloured banners. Nor has laughter been altogether absent from this oratorical journeying. Three years ago Mr. Gladstone had a grotesque experience at Lockerbie. The express was stopped there on its run to Edinburgh in order that the Liberal leader might receive an address. The Liberals of Lockerbie are staunch and sturdy, but grave and methodical. The brake was only applied for a short wait. Time is precious on the west-coast route. The address was pleasing in sentiment, but too long. Read slowly by one devoted to the cause, it seemed interminable. Anyhow, the words of welcome, embarrassing as a very long hand-shake, droned through all the time allowed for the train to stop. Impatience, annoyance, and then dismay were indicated on the clustered faces; but the guard blew his whistle, signalled "Right Away," and the express moved out of the station, Mr. Gladstone bowing and smiling, and half-forgetting the speech he should have delivered in the determined effort he made to conceal the humorous pucker that played about his mouth.

Lord Salisbury does not court railway-carriage oratory, viewing it rather as a trick of the enemy. Mr. Balfour tolerates it. He is a philosopher as well as a statesman. Trained amid the vicissitudes of golf, he knows that the most whimsical stroke sometimes means a win. The crushed hat, the theatrical gesture, the utterance hoarse in vieing with the engine's shriek and the porters' babel, are alien to his academic taste; yet he never likes to lose a point in political manoeuvre, and he has spoken from a railway-carriage window, indulging in a delicate thrust at his opponents, while adopting their methods to give his own party a lift. During the fierce campaign that heralded the General Election of 1892 he travelled to Huddersfield. In the station a crowd gathered, and there were cries for a speech. Mr. Balfour, who is slender in form, and of a cool mien, got his head gracefully out of the carriage window, and, bowing to the populace, said: "In other circumstances I should be very pleased indeed to address you, but neither in this nor in any other particular am I anxious to imitate the methods of a very distinguished statesman, whose habitual modes of electioneering consist of inconveniencing the officials of the various railways over which he travels, and the public who desire to journey in the same train with him." Mr. Chamberlain, too, with a satirical reference to the ways of his old chief, has adroitly assumed the rôle of railway-station orator. The character suits him. He combines a neat audacity with clever political tactics, and friends and foes alike count it a privilege to see the upper part of him emerge, glass in eye, from a railway carriage, and to hear the incisive words of the champion of old-age pensions. They sharply cut through the traffic commotion. Not a syllable is lost.

Sir William Harcourt ranks second only to Mr. Gladstone as a travelling statesman. Demonstrations are the breath of life to him. He is glib of speech, and, unlike Sir Wilfrid Lawson, has never to rack his brains for a joke, taking the precaution to carry, as personal luggage, a copious list of puns and epigrams. He finds the window-frame in the railway-carriage door rather a tight fit, for his form is burly, but he delights in the push and crush and shout and myriad noises inseparable from political conference and counsel in railway stations. At Stockport during the last General Election excitement, he was presented with an address, but the train moved out towards Manchester before he had finished his speech; but, as a rule, on these novel journeys he contrives to leave at this or that station some quip or crank, some witty phrase, or sentence of encouragement. Only the other day he broke the long silence he had preserved throughout the recess, and was happy. On his way to Derby to see his constituents, he spoke at three railway stations, and his oratory led up to a brilliant climax of political fervour, for he was attended by a torchlight procession on driving into the county town.

In these dramatic and pyrotechnic displays, Lord Rosebery is somewhat of a novice; but he is an apt pupil. At Salisbury Station, in December, he had a disquieting bit of training. He had to contend in his hurried speech with the noise of shunting and the shout of porter, and confessed, moreover, that "standing at an obtuse angle, half-way outside a railway carriage, was not favourable to oratory." The same day, further west, he referred to the surprises associated with railway-station speech, remarking that one was apt to be whisked away in the middle of a sentence. At Cardiff he avoided any inconvenience of the kind by speaking on the station platform; but by-and-by, with practice and custom, he will, no doubt, become a skilful travelling statesman, capable of balancing himself boldly and yet safely on the half-door of the railway carriage, while with powerful, sonorous voice he talks of England's supremacy, or the fate of the House of Lords, or the social condition of the people. America, however, is ahead of us in itinerant political oratory. In that "land of the brave and the free" the rival travelling statesmen take apartments for a week in the train, and "make snap speeches at every stopping-place."

J. P.

MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.

Photographs by Sarony, New York.

AS A JAP.



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.



AS YVETTE GUILBERT.



AS SARAH BERNHARDT.

CISSIE, HOME ONCE MORE.

I have not written you sooner, as I have been so rushed since my return to London; but, if you care to call to-day at six, I should be able to see you.—Sincerely yours, CECILIA McCARTHY.

Needless to say that, having received this missive (writes a *Sketch* representative), and being most anxious to hear from the lips of the fair lady herself some account of her American experiences, six o'clock, or thereabouts, found me at the Royal Palace Hotel, where I caught Cissie at the piano, industriously getting up a new song. A contemporary, in referring to Mrs. McCarthy's visit to the House of Commons the other day, spoke of her as looking ill. On the contrary, I found her looking well and happy, full of expectation and anxiety to please, when she makes her appearance at the Palace on the 27th, and I venture to predict her old friends will find her, if possible, more full of life and go than when she last appeared among them. She has evidently enjoyed her trip to America hugely, and in a double sense the United States appear to have agreed well with her. Mrs. McCarthy tells me she has been to see Arthur Roberts in "Gentleman Joe," and thinks him splendid in the part—"too funny for words"—and adds, "I have written to Miss Sadie Jerome for permission to reproduce her."

"Well, no. I had so little chance of seeing her, excepting at *matinées*; but I admire her immensely."

"How did you like the American audiences? Were they quick to seize the point of your satires?"

"Very quick indeed. They took to me at once. They were very enthusiastic for several weeks; then they fell off a bit, and then, quite unaccountably, woke up again, and raved over me. After my season closed at 'Koster and Biall's,' I had a week of *matinées* at the Lyceum, where I played in Justin's 'Highwayman.'"

"You appear to have fared well always at the hands of the critics."

"Well, I don't know that—not always; some very unpleasant things have been said about me, and there are always 'good friends' ready to send you on anything unkind. They cannot say anything about my acting, but some very unpleasant personalities have been published about myself."

"You are glad to be back?"

"Yes, most glad to be in London again. I love it, and could not live away from it now, though people were extremely kind to us in New York."

Here I make a passing reference to the publication of "Songs for Cecilia," and "First Verses," by Cissie; whereupon "Cecilia" informs



SOME OF NICARAGUA'S STANDING ARMY.

Here I am indulged with a foretaste of the treat in store for Palace audiences—when she drawls out, in an imitable manner, "Pa-otts," which is positively startling, so accurately has she caught Miss Jerome's pure *American*.

"Isn't it a pity?" she goes on, "I must not imitate Gus Elen or Stratton! Gus Elen says he does not mind it a bit, but the Syndicate does, and it is they who object. I feel rather disappointed, too, at the want of courtesy shown in not affording me facilities for studying my 'subjects.' For instance, Mr. Morton telephoned down to a certain hall for a box, when back came the reply, 'Not a seat of any kind to spare.' I don't know why it is, or if they are angry at my going to the Palace. Anyhow, when Justin went to the box-office in the afternoon there were plenty of seats, and he paid for a box for our use. Mr. Morton wants me to do just the same people I was doing before I went away, but with new songs. I tell him that I shall surely be expected to do something new. People will think I ought to have picked up something smart in America. To tell you the truth, I was greatly disappointed. I hoped to find lots of good people over there to study, but there was no one special. I intend to do Ada Rehan in 'Twelfth Night,' and think that will go; also Maggie Clive, a typical American serio-comic; and I have a new 'Japanese Dolly' song, which I do in the costume you see in this photo."

"Do you propose reproducing 'Réjane'?"

me, "Justin wrote me those verses when we were engaged," the "Vision of Arcady" being written after the first performance of "Don Juan." She modestly disclaims any merit for her own "First Verses"; and a copy of this, the ninety-fourth out of the hundred printed by the Lotus Press, together with a similar copy of her husband's poems, is added to the collection of photographs by Sarony that I bear away with me. I am not allowed to depart before the beauties of the feline pets brought from New York are fully descanted upon—the beautiful creature immortalised in "First Verses," in the ballad of "Little Boffin," and "Mystic," a lovely Maltese kitten. At this point, "Justin," as the proud young wife calls her better-half, comes on the scene, and helps her tell me the wonderful and funny story of how Cissie was proclaimed Duchess of Oloncha, Nicaragua. It appears that a party of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. H. Somers Somerset (son of Lady Henry Somerset), of whom more anon, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the clever young American journalist and novelist, went on an expedition to Honduras, and there came on a bit of "no man's land," whereupon Mr. Somerset at once proclaimed himself "King," and it was unanimously decided by the party to create Miss Cissie Loftus reigning Duchess of Oloncha. The title-deeds of her Grace's possessions, together with a medal and coins of the country, were afterwards presented to the Duchess at a banquet given in her honour at the Waldorf, New York. The deeds, which are the most valued of the trophies brought back from "Adventure-land,"

are most artistically illuminated in gold and colours, and bear a huge red seal, the whole being contained in a casket. Here are the title-deeds of her Grace—

WE Somers Rex, King of Honduras, Lord Protector of the Sacate Isles and Prince of Suatpec, Grand Cross of the Order of Santa Rosa; Grand Cross of the Order of Morizan the Liberator, &c. &c., do hereby declare it our Royal Will and Pleasure that in virtue of the pre-eminent public services of CECILIA LOFTUS McCARTHY, We do give Our Grant and Patent this day and herewith constitute the aforesaid Cecilia Loftus McCarthy the Premier Duchess of our Realm; and KNOW YE ALL MEN that it shall be her Right and Warrant to bear and to hold the Title and Precedence of the Duchess of Oloncha of the Province of Oloncha hereby created a Duchy; and Marchioness of Wimbledon of the Marquise of Wimbledon.

IN TESTIMONY OF WHICH We herewith affix our Hand and Seal, and so may God defend the Right.

Given at Our Court of Tegucigalpa in Our Palace this third day of February, in the Year of Our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, and the First Year of Our Reign. Somers, R.

(Signed) { DUKE OF PUERTA CORTEZ (Richard Harding Davis).
DUKE OF AMAPALA (Lloyd Carpenter Griscom).
DUKE OF MOSQUITO (Justin Huntly McCarthy).

MR. SOMERS SOMERSET ON NICARAGUA.

Mr. Somers Somerset, as recorded in the foregoing article, is responsible for having created Miss Cissie Loftus Duchess of Oloncha; but he saw some much more exciting things in Nicaragua than that during his tour in America, for he witnessed a revolution or two, interviewed General Zelaya, the President of Nicaragua, and stayed in Corinto, which figures so conspicuously in the news of the day. Mr. Somerset, by the way, is writing an account of his sport and adventures in the Hudson Bay Company's territory, entitled "The Land of the Muskeg," which Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish. Meantime, he has furnished us with the following account of the standing army of Nicaragua, or part of it:—

"There is a story of a Nicaraguan General who wrote to a brother officer to inform him that he sent him a body of three hundred volunteers, praying him, at the same time, to return the ropes immediately. This is the key-note of Nicaraguan affairs.

"If a man wishes to take office, he has only to get a sufficient force together, slaughter a few thousands, lay waste as large a portion of his native land as possible, and then wait for the defeated Government to retire across the border on muleback. During its seventy-two years of independence, Nicaragua has acknowledged five times as many rulers as it did during the three centuries of Spanish rule, so that there is hardly a man in the Republic who has not been in action, hardly a child who has not seen the horrors of war and the smoke of burning villages.

"The common soldier, as seen in the illustration, is a picturesque but not very martial figure. He is almost always barefooted, and is generally clothed in a blouse of coarse blue cloth, although his uniform is left largely to his own choice. The sentries sit upon the ground, or lounge in the shade against the nearest post. When they think they have remained long enough on duty, they stroll away, dragging their rifles by the muzzle, or carrying them, with much effort, across their backs. The barracks at Corinto, of which we have heard so much lately, are on the second storey over the Custom House. At Momatombo, the terminus of the railway nearest the capital, the troops live in a mud house roofed with palm-leaves. At stated intervals, a barefooted soldier emerges with great state from these quarters and moves about in the streets, beating a discordant drum, while another, probably a child of twelve or fourteen, practises on the bugle in the verandah of the Commandant's mansion. In this manner the pomp and power of the passing Government is impressed upon the populace. Of course, the Presidential Guards are somewhat more gorgeous, being equipped with boots and other ornaments; but, as they are nearly all generals, this was to be expected."

HASSAN ALI, THE EGYPTIAN GIANT.

There was an article in one of the papers recently which, while giving some extremely interesting facts on those freaks of nature, giants and dwarfs, stated that undoubtedly, from a commercial point of view, the former are at the present moment a drug in the market, and quite "played out" for show purposes. Whether or not this be the case, generally speaking, the Egyptian Giant at the Tivoli Music Hall is so exceptional in his stature as to scarcely come under the same category as the ordinary everyday sort of giant. In fact, I am not sure but what, in point of inches, he runs many of the most historical of his species pretty closely. There is something so uncanny about these overgrown specimens of humanity, that I felt a chat with this particular one would doubtless elicit some interesting information as to the daily life of giants in general, and of this one in particular. There was no difficulty whatever in arranging this, as Hassan Ali does not understand a word of English; so, after he had given his "show," he was brought into Mr. Dowsett's room and introduced to me. I then discovered that, when standing in an ordinary room, his dimensions appear even more colossal, and I realised that, no matter how important one may think oneself, interviewing a giant is calculated to make one feel somewhat small for the time. It was, perhaps, this feeling which prompted me immediately to ask Mr. Hassan Ali to make himself at home, and take a chair—and so bring himself down as near as possible to my humble

level—when I learnt that, since I could not converse in Egyptian, our interview would have to be conducted in German, with the assistance of his travelling companion, a picturesquely attired Egyptian youth. My slight knowledge of German being about on a par with that of our interpreter, the conversation which ensued was, consequently, of a somewhat disjointed nature, and more protracted than brilliant. In spite, however, of these linguistic difficulties, I managed to elicit the following interesting information: Hassan Ali's father is a soldier, and even taller than his son, while his mother is only an ordinary-sized woman. Wishing to ascertain what a giant considers "ordinary size," I got him to give me an idea how high she would stand as compared with him. He pointed to a button on his coat, some four inches higher than my head reached to—about 6 ft. 1 in. from the ground! Not a bad height for an ordinary-sized woman. His sister is also equally tall, so "length" evidently runs in the family. Starting in life as a groom, and then as



THE EGYPTIAN GIANT.

Photo by Retlaw, Edinburgh.

a coachman, the subject of my interview informed me that he showed no signs of abnormal development till some three years ago, when he suddenly started growing, and has not stopped since; in fact, he is still putting on inches, and has visibly increased since his arrival in England. Considering his enormous height, which, I learnt, is close on eight feet, his weight is scarcely in proportion, being at present only 220 lb. (German). This is doubtless accounted for by his extreme youth, for the average weight of a full-grown man his height would be no less than 450 lb. (English). The stretch of his arms, as will be noticed in the accompanying photograph, is very remarkable, and helps in no small measure to convey an adequate idea of his colossal dimensions. It may also be of interest to mention that he measures forty-eight inches round the chest, that his hands are eleven inches from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, and that his shoes are sixteen inches in length. With reference to the appetite of this huge fellow, I was surprised to learn that he is not a big eater, and that his commissariat arrangements are not obliged to differ from those of ordinary-sized mortals—excepting, of course, the trifling discomfort of not being able to sit down at table with his friends. It occurred to me that a giant's impressions of people, as seen from his lofty standpoint, must be somewhat curious, and I learnt that to Hassan Ali we all appear as children in point of size. What actual children look like he did not say. Only on one occasion has he ever met a man who came anywhere near him in stature; this was a German officer in Berlin—yet he was many inches shorter. Still, he reached within appreciable distance of Hassan's collar, and what this means will be understood when it is pointed out that the second figure in the photograph is a very tall man. Hassan Ali is not a happy youth—as he says, it is very unpleasant to have always to stay indoors when he would like to be going about, working, or having good times like ordinary people—and, looking at it that way, it certainly does seem hard lines to have been endowed by Nature with so much importance.

J. M. P.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen had a most successful journey as far as Flushing, everything being admirably arranged, and then the thick fog in the North Sea upset all calculations and the royal yacht reached Sheerness three hours late, obliging her Majesty to remain on board the Victoria and Albert for the night. The royal yacht was in charge of Mr. Jarvis, the Queen's pilot, from the Nore to Sheerness. The royal party breakfasted on board the royal yacht on Wednesday morning, and, in the meantime, the luggage, of which there was an enormous quantity, was removed to the train. As soon as the luggage and the servants were all in the train, her Majesty came on shore, and the royal special at once left for Windsor. The Queen has brought home from Nice a number of water-colour drawings of points of interest in the neighbourhood, which are to be taken to Balmoral, where they will be hung in one of her Majesty's sitting-rooms.

While the Queen was at Cimiez, Lord Rowton twice had the honour of being invited to dine with her Majesty. Lord Beaconsfield's erstwhile secretary is much appreciated at Court, the Queen having a very high opinion of his abilities and intimate knowledge of the questions of the day. It is certain that he exercises considerable influence at Court, and shares with the Duke of Richmond the reputation of being able to give the Queen advice upon political matters with some certainty of its being accepted and followed.

Reference has been made in these columns to the immense correspondence which the Queen receives and is obliged to attend to. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that during the Queen's recent visit to Nice the account for telegrams upon her private affairs alone came to the respectable sum of a little over three hundred pounds. When it is remembered that nearly every one of these telegrams, or at all events, the substance of them, has to be communicated to her Majesty, it will, perhaps, be realised how much work the Queen does get through.

The German Emperor travelled to Darmstadt in his own special imperial train. This *train de luxe* consists of twelve saloons connected together by corridors, and cost over £120,000. It contains a drawing-room furnished entirely in white satin, a dining-room panelled and furnished with oak, a library hung with beautiful Gobelins tapestry, a reception-room ornamented with elaborate pieces of statuary, two nursery-carriages, and three sleeping-saloons, each fitted with elaborate bath-rooms. There is also a large kitchen, fitted with every modern appliance, and ample accommodation for the suite and servants. When travelling alone the Emperor uses a train composed of library, dining- and reception-rooms, and a sleeping-saloon.

The great officers of the Household, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Carrington, and the Earl of Cork, have sent out invitations for "full-dress" dinners at their respective houses on Saturday, May 25, to celebrate her Majesty's birthday. The Prince of Wales is to dine with Lord Rosebery at his full-dress birthday banquet, which will take place at the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street.

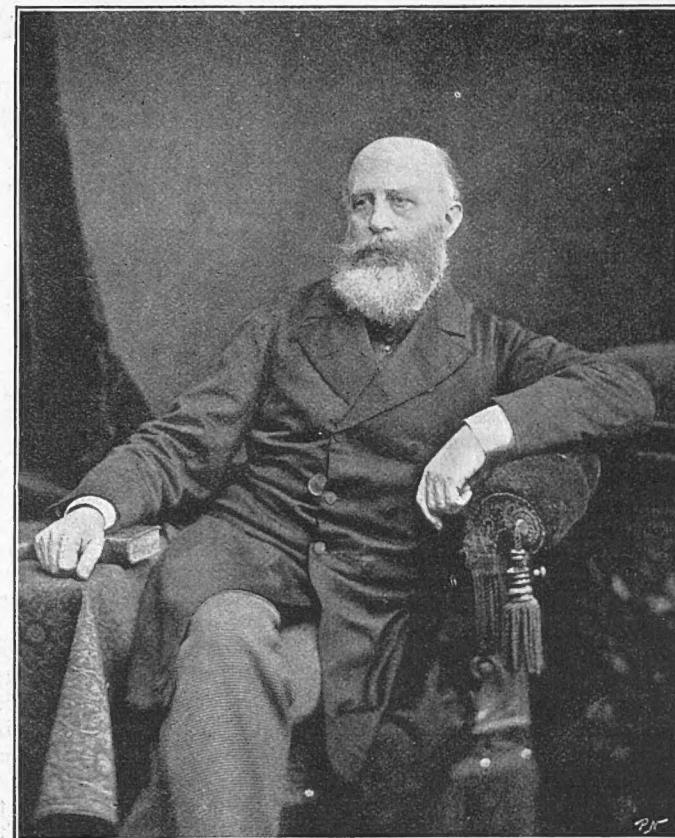
The post of Adjutant and Clerk of the Cheque has been given to Colonel Hennell, one of the Exons of her Majesty's Bodyguard. The position is a very desirable one, and much sought after, as there is a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, with certain fees payable upon Court appointments, and a charming residence in Friary Court, St. James's Palace. The post of Clerk of the Cheque is very ancient. His duty is to keep the "checker-roll," a book containing the names of officials to attend all parades, Levées, Drawing-Rooms, and other Court functions. According to the new regulations made in 1881, the Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant must, to be eligible for the appointment, have held a commission as lieutenant-colonel or major in the Army, or in the Marines, or in the Indian Army. Lieutenant-Colonel Hornsby-Drake succeeds to one of the vacancies in the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. These appointments are supposed to be given to really deserving officers; but, as a rule, the candidates selected are, almost invariably, those with influential friends at Court.

The Princess Frederica of Hanover, who has been residing at Biarritz during the past six months, will go to Germany in a few days to take the baths at Kissingen, and intends to stay there for several weeks. Later on, the Princess is going to spend a month with her relatives at Altenburg, before proceeding to Gmünden for the summer and autumn.

The carriage in which little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland took her place on arriving at Queenborough with her mother, the Queen-Regent, was literally lined with gay nosegays, which gave great pleasure to both royal ladies. The little Sovereign was daintily dressed in grey and green, and seemed delighted to get her water-trip over. On the platform at Victoria a number of royalties had assembled to greet her small Majesty of the Netherlands—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Coburg, and his son, Prince Alfred. The Duchess of Albany represented our royal ladies, and all prominent members of the Embassy were, of course, present. A new portrait of Queen Wilhelmina has just been sent me, in which she is shown wearing the national head-dress, which is somewhat a cross between a crusader's helmet and a baby's cap, in hammered gold. Though unbecoming to the verge of disastrous, as a rule, Queen Wilhelmina's pleasant, childish face looks quite charming in this quaint setting.

Society is painfully exercised at Brussels for the moment over the arrest of Prince Looz Corswaren, a young man of high connections, but not, unfortunately, possessing principles to match. The Prince, who is tall and aristocratic-looking—quite a *preux chevalier*, in fact—has been convicted of very serious sins against too-confiding tradesmen, who, relying on the baseless fabric of a forthcoming rich marriage, lent the Prince large sums which he has forgotten to repay. Indeed, his "operations" have been sufficiently extensive to give the Belgian police a deep interest in his whereabouts lately, and the fact of his sudden arrest at Ghent has thrown Franco-Belgian society into unlimited consternation and surprise this week.

Many of the chief workers in journalism never emerge from behind the scenes of their daily toil, and live unknown to the public which owes so much to their efforts. Such an one was the late Captain L. Wundt, whose portrait is given herewith. The younger son of Lieutenant-General Wundt, of the Würtemberg Army, he was born on Jan. 20, 1828. Like most of his countrymen, he served for some years in the Army, and distinguished himself during the South German campaign. Next he was appointed Governor of the Ludwigsburg Military School, where his



THE LATE CAPTAIN L. WUNDT.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

organising powers were developed to great advantage. Retiring in 1868, Captain Wundt came to London, and in 1873 he joined the staff of the *Queen*, having to do chiefly with the art department of Mr. Cox's well-known newspaper. From that time until his death, a few days ago, he was concerned in the success of the paper, and all his knowledge of art, which was considerable, was freely used in its service. Captain Wundt was a linguist of exceptional ability, and, though of a reserved temperament, he was greatly esteemed.

A few personal details about the late Mr. William Major Cooke, the lamented stipendiary magistrate for Marylebone. Mr. Cooke, who was connected in various ways with the Isle of Wight, had a family of six, three daughters and three sons. The latter have been engaged principally in legal pursuits. One of these, Mr. Russell Cooke, is, as is well known, the second husband of Mrs. Ashton Dilke. He is the very image of his father, and looks almost as old. A second son married a sister of Mr. Mark Beaufoy, M.P. for Kennington. Mr. Cooke was something more than a father to his sons, for he stood as regards them almost on the footing of an elder brother. It is delightful to recall this trait in the character of the dead magistrate.

Who will not sympathise with the petition to the Speaker that he should forego the tradition which demands Court-dress at his dinners and receptions? Very few men look well in this costume, and it is worn under protest by many who have a miserable consciousness that they are grotesque. Moreover, a Court-suit is expensive—something like forty pounds, at least—and, if you hire one, the chances are that it will not fit. Besides, with what self-respect can a man go to a reception in hired knee-breeches? At a fancy-dress ball it is different, for you are expected, on such an occasion, to make a fool of yourself; but the Speaker's hospitality is not designed to provoke a similar exhibition. Court-dress belongs to a bygone age, when the figure was deliberately trained for show; but in the present day, we are too busy with the improvement of our minds and morals to give any time to personal graces.

The Eastbourne Carnival week was a great success. The popular Sussex town reminded one of the Paris Boulevards, only, if possible, more varied for the nonce. I haven't space to describe all the sights of the occasion, but I must mention the illuminated procession of cyclists. The Battle of Flowers was quite gorgeous. Seventy carriages entered, and Mr. Edgar Bruce, the proprietor of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, won the Duke of Devonshire's prize banner for his gaily decorated dog-cart, the body of which was entirely covered with double yellow daffodils, outlined with pink hyacinths. The tail-board was also of yellow, lined with pink, and in the centre was the "Shield of Eastbourne," beautifully carried out in white hyacinths and pink azaleas, and surmounted by the word "Eastbourne" in pink button roses. The spokes of the wheels were alternately pink, blue, and yellow, and doubly hooped with garlands of double daffodils and foliage. The shafts and splash-board were of pink hyacinths. A double arch of jonquils crossed over the horse's back, surmounted by two doves holding blue ribbons as reins, the harness being entirely covered with turquoise-blue satin ribbon and white and pink hyacinths. One of the principal features of the cart was a lovely canopy of all the

His Place," to paint the harrowing picture in unfading colours. There was, by the way, one episode in the Bradfield disaster which gave birth to another painting—not in words, but on canvas. This was the voyage of a baby in a cradle, where, fortunately, it was discovered safe and sound. This incident the genius of Sir John Millais has rendered immortal, and well I remember his picture in the first exhibition of the Royal Academy to which I was a visitor.



BICYCLE PARADE AT EASTBOURNE.



FLOWER-SHOW CAR AT EASTBOURNE.

same flowers, lined with arum lilies, under which Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bruce were seated and entered into the mimic warfare, their ammunition being composed of all the season's flowers. Then there were a fancy-dress ball, amateur athletic sports, football matches, a military tournament, and I know not what else. Bexhill-on-Sea, another Sussex town, has also been distinguishing itself, as will be seen elsewhere in this issue, over the opening of its municipal buildings.

The terrible disaster caused by the bursting of a reservoir in France will remind many of us of a somewhat similar catastrophe in this country, which took place just over thirty years ago. I well remember the thrill that went through England, in 1864, when the Bradfield Reservoir, near Sheffield, burst, and whole villages were swept away, their inhabitants being carried into the streets of Sheffield itself, and even beyond that town. The newspapers were filled with appalling accounts of the disaster, but it was left to Charles Reade, in "Put Yourself in

The Adelphi company has emphatically been strengthened by the accession of Miss Cynthia Brooke, who is now, as Miss Hawkesworth, taking part in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Miss Brooke, whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, has been conspicuously successful in the provinces as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Very likely she will soon make her mark in town.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that this country enjoys a monopoly of lady cricketers. I have just heard of a cricket match between rival teams of ladies that took place recently at Buenos Ayres, and at the present juncture it is decidedly piquant to learn that the post of umpire was filled by Consul Bridgett, the captor of Jabez Balfour. In his younger days Mr. Ronald Bridgett used to be very fond of playing cricket. The incident should make a splendid subject for a serio-comic cartoon.



DECORATED BICYCLES AT DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAVIS, EASTBOURN F.

The May number of *Harper's Magazine* continues its interesting series of articles on Joan of Arc, and also on Japan—the latter by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the artist. "Heart's Insurgents" gets slightly more involved, and Mr. Thomas Hardy's "conclusion of the whole



From Harper's Magazine.

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matter" could hardly be accurately guessed at this point in the story. Mr. W. Hatherell's illustrations to it are admirable. We reproduce the frontispiece in a reduced form. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin contributes a brief account of a holiday in Wales, which was not worth printing. The other stories in *Harper* are excellent.

There has been some correspondence in a contemporary about the decline of business in the medical profession. While, of course, the specialists continue to have crowded reception-rooms, and draw fees heavy and numerous, younger medical men are complaining bitterly. It seems as though the stagnation in the legal profession has spread to the ranks of the other science. Numerous correspondents have suggested the causes of so uncomfortable an effect, but the man who appears to grasp the truth would appear to be he who wrote recently about the huge spread of homoeopathy. Despite all abuse, the disciples of Hahnemann have made wonderful strides. In America, allopathy has not half the hold it obtains on English people; but the Americans are ever ready to give a new system a fair trial. The outlook is not a pleasant one, from the point of view of supporters and followers of the ancient order of things. Homoeopathy reduces the need for medical attendance to a minimum. Above all, the avoidance of nauseous drugs, the clean simplicity, and the reasonableness of adapting the cure to the person, instead of treating sufferers as Procrustes treated his visitors, stretching or lopping them to agreement with a formula—these advantages must, in the end, prevail over prejudice, and, with the downfall of prejudice, allopaths may themselves become a drug—in the medical market.

I have been entertaining, or endeavouring to entertain, some American friends who purpose spending the season in town. In order to have time to see London before their social engagements became too heavy, they arrived three weeks ago. I dined with them when a fortnight had passed since their arrival, and they told me where they had been. Just for curiosity, I noted down the places. There were twenty-seven in all, and they ranged from the Mint to Windsor Castle—their only visit outside London. Out of the twenty-seven places which they, as visitors, had seen in three weeks, nineteen are unknown to me save by name. In all seriousness, I am beginning to think that the show-places of a country are only designed to impress foreigners. Natives run their lives in certain grooves, from which they seldom or never depart. There are hundreds and thousands of Londoners who have never seen the British Museum, of Parisians who have never been inside the Louvre. None the less, they may be well-read and well-educated men and women, who have travelled, and never missed a great place in a foreign town. Herein note the hypocrisy of the human race. We see the sights abroad, and treasure the labels of our portmanteaus. At home we pass everything that is great and beautiful with the shortest possible glance. I am speaking a good bit for myself, but can't help thinking that humanity in general is tarred with the same brush.

Mr. Harold Spender, who has just succeeded Mr. H. W. Massingham as Parliamentary sketch writer of the *Chronicle*, has written a thrilling story, "At the Sigh of the Guillotine," which will be syndicated by the National Press Agency in July, and published, in book form, in October. The story goes just a hundred years back, dealing with the stormy times in France under Robespierre.

The London Choral Union gave, on April 30, a performance of that unequal work, "St. Paul," which failed to attract to Queen's Hall more

than a moderate audience. The choir's part in the programme was sometimes extremely good—such was its rendering of "Arise and Shine"—and, I must add, sometimes below the level of excellence which it has attained hitherto. There was no weakness on the part of the tenors and basses—a fine body of voices—but the sopranos hardly watched the *bâton* of Mr. James W. Lewis with sufficient closeness occasionally. The orchestra I must again unreservedly praise. The soloists were Madame Clara Samuell, who sang "Jerusalem" exquisitely; Miss Jessie King, who is steadily advancing by reason of her admirable voice and pure style; Mr. John Probert, who discharged his arduous task well; Mr. Franklin Clive, Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Millward, and Mr. Lewis. The conductor of this series of concerts has every reason to be gratified at the progress made, and it is hoped he will be encouraged to persevere in a good cause.

A friend of mine, who was at the last of Sir Augustus Harris's Fancy Dress Balls, told me, the other day, of something which took place there that recalls the profuse hospitality of some ancient potentate. In a certain box, a supper was given by a certain South African millionaire, now resident in London. The repast being concluded, the genial host informed the ladies of the party that he should esteem it a privilege if they would each accept some small memento of a delightful evening. There was the usual chorus of protest, or assent, and then the South African produced a small bag, poured from it an assortment of unset brilliants, and asked each fair guest to select a stone. Though, I understand, one or two, who were not very intimate friends, had qualms at accepting so valuable a memento, none declined, as it was whispered to them that their host would be hurt by a refusal. What woman would not be a guest at such a supper, with such a host?

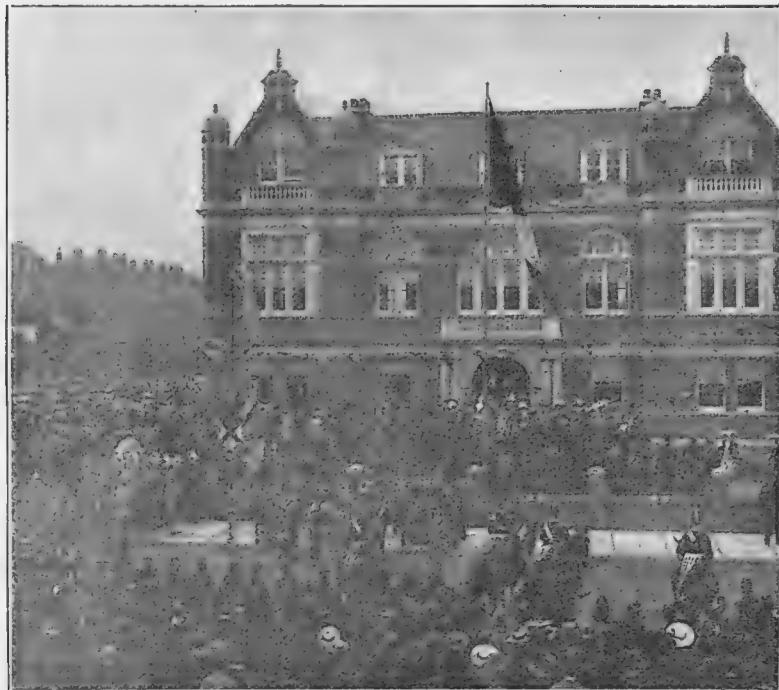
The illustration of the Great Auk and its egg is from a photograph by Mr. Stevens himself, who offered them at his rooms in King Street, Covent Garden. It is twenty-six years since a similar bird was offered by auction, and the price has since risen from £90 to £350, at which sum this specimen was eventually sold to the Science and Art Museum at Edinburgh. The egg, which fetched £189, was purchased in Paris, in the year 1843, by the late Sir W. Milner, for 200 francs. There are eighty recorded specimens of the Great Auk, sixty-one of which are in museums, Great Britain possessing twenty-four. Of the seventy known eggs, fifty are in Great Britain, and fourteen have passed through Mr. Stevens's hands at various times, and sold for prices varying from £30 to £310.



THE GREAT AUk AND EGG.
Photo by Mr. Stevens.

A day or two ago the commission sent me by a friend in the country compelled me to spend an hour at certain West-End Stores, and, my time being limited, I thought it well to lunch there. I may say that the viands are excellent, but, as they have no licence, the "drinks" are only of the temperance kind. I found the room crowded to excess, and, on my expressing my surprise to the waiter, was informed that it was always so when "them May Meetings was on at Exeter Hall." This remark led me to a closer examination of the lunchers, among whom I found a goodly sprinkling of provincial clergy, whom Mr. Penley might have studied for his popular rôle in "The Private Secretary," or who, for all I know, may have studied Mr. Penley. Many of the ladies,

The number of places for getting lunch in the region of Regent Street is almost unlimited, but quality is in inverse ratio to quantity. Indeed, those who have passed the rudimentary or "A.B.C." stage of feeding cannot easily find a quiet, pretty place where the cooking is good. The other day I was invited, with other members of the Press, to the Bungalow, in Conduit Street, which already has a great reputation for dainty afternoon teas, to taste a luncheon that is to be offered to the public as a half-crown *table d'hôte*. The chef engaged is M. Ameý Baudoin, in whose name connoisseurs have confidence. The rooms were pretty, the attendants prettier, and everything was served daintily. After an astounding collection of *hors d'œuvre*, we had an excellent *mayonnaise*



THE LORD MAYOR'S ARRIVAL AT THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.



PART OF THE PROCESSION.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE SACKVILLE HOTEL.



THE SACKVILLE HOTEL.

THE LORD MAYOR AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

who evidently desired to be fashionable, were only four seasons or so behind the present mode; and others, who palpably had no such desire, were about half a century behind. There was a continuous babble, not of "green fields," but of blackamoors, who were, I gathered, to be whitewashed—not outside, but in. Eating and drinking were, however, by no means neglected by the May Meetingers, but I confess I was astonished at the taste, especially of the clerical gentlemen alluded to, which considered ginger-beer or lemonade as the proper accompaniment of a curry or a savoury omelette. In justice to the Church of England, I must say that I saw no single member of that fraternity who suggested a comfortable rectory or vicarage, with the usual cellar of old wine attached. These gentlemen were probably lunching at Romano's or the Café Royal. To any dramatist engaged on a farcical comedy, I would certainly suggest a visit to the luncheon-rooms of the various "Stores" during the May Meetings.

of salmon, a delightful *mousse de volaille au cardinal*, a *filet de bœuf à la moderne*, with a really delicious Neapolitan *salade*. Afterwards came a dish I did not touch, for the reason that made John Leech's boy cry when he reached the plum-pudding stage at Christmas dinner—but others ate it with joy. Finally came a complicated, fascinating cake, with whipped cream, followed by an excellent cup of coffee. Everything was so good that I hope I may soon find myself again in the neighbourhood.

A New York art-dealer has just acquired the table-service, in gilt bronze, which Napoleon I. presented to Eugène Beauharnais. It is a properly authenticated relic, and doubtless dirt-cheap at three hundred and fifty pounds. I, however, happened to see this famous service some years since, when it was in a private collection, and remember the expression used to describe it by a famous art critic one evening. "I should call it," he said, "less fine art than finicking."

I have just had brought to my notice an incident extraordinary alike in the history of insurance and as an example of the canniness of the Scot. My readers may remember having read, some time ago, in these pages an article on Dr. Stradling and his snakes. Now, Dr. Stradling was insured in a certain Scotch sickness and accident company, from the manager of which he has just received this quaint epistle—

I am to-day in receipt of your cheque for sickness renewal premium, which I herewith beg to return. Our directors had their attention recently called to an article which appeared in *The Sketch* in regard to your collection of snakes and your study and experiments in connection with them. We had no idea of the additional risk which was thus incurred when you proposed to us for insurance, and now that our directors' attention has been drawn to the matter, they have instructed me not to continue the insurance.

The cream of the joke is that Dr. Stradling was not insured with the company against accident—*sickness only!* What maladies one may be expected to contract or evolve as the direct result of association with snakes is not quite obvious.

Since writing what I may call my flying column—for it was but a cursory note—on the new edition of “Men and Women of the Time,” I have been trying to discover what constitutes the editor Mr. Victor Plarr's definition of a “man of the time.” The logic of definition is seldom easy, and, after a week's attempt to solve this riddle, I have ended in this—

The world has its puzzles, I'm bound to admit,
As hard to explain as the Sphinx,
For what is the mark of the genius or wit?
And is the New Woman a minx?
Again, for example, you're tempted to ask—
Must poets be masters of rhyme?
Or—who was the Man in the wonderful Mask?
And—who is a “Man of the Time”?

Now, Fielding will tell you, as clear as can be,
The tale of the Man of the Hill.
We know what is meant by the Man of the Sea,
And also the Maid of the Mill.
There isn't an atom of doubt on the Cid
(Who lived in a chivalrous clime);
We all know the name of the Woman Who Did,
But who is the “Man of the Time”?

Again, we have heard of the Man of Seán,
(From power he was ruthlessly hurled);
It's easy to see, if we trouble to scan,
The marks of the Man of the World.
And some can distinguish the music-hall coon
From coons in the Land of the Dime!
We know what is meant by the Man in the Moon,
But what is a “Man of the Time”?

With regard to the cast of “The Passport,” it is interesting to note that two of the company used to be connected with the German Reed Entertainment, now so lamentably leaderless. Miss Kate Tully, appearing at Terry's as Mildred, the daughter of Mr. Christopher Coleman, M.P., was for several years the soprano of the St. George's Hall company; and Mr. J. L. Mackay, the Chief of Russian Police in “The Passport,” played, for a very long time, small character-parts with the late Richard Corney Grain and Alfred German Reed and their now bereaved associates.

Amidst considerable pomp, the École Normale, at Paris, has just been celebrating its centenary. Of the *alumni* of this institution, as many as sixteen have attained to the honour of a seat in the French Academy, among them being such distinguished men as Victor Cousin, Jules Simon, Henri Taine, Louis Pasteur, Monseigneur Penaud, Édmond About, Hervé, and Challemel-Lacour.

One at least of the three American actresses chosen to play the title-part in “Trilby” has kindled the imagination of Californian dramatists. This lady, Eleanor Barry by name, has been filling an important character with Mrs. Langtry on tour. For stage purposes she dons, so they say, “a fetching bathing-costume, which half conceals, half discloses, her classical outlines,” and since her appearance in this guise she is stated to have received no less than six offers of marriage. The imagination-kindled journalist in question adds, “Miss Barry could certainly fill all the physical requirements of the rôle of Trilby, even were a pose in ‘the altogether’ one of them.” I quote the vile phrase foregoing just to show how freely some Transatlantic newspaper-men write.

Apropos of “Trilby,” which Mr. Tree intends to present to English audiences at the Haymarket, the author of the American dramatisation, Paul Potter, is the very person who had a battle-royal with another playwright, who shall be nameless, with respect to a piece on the subject of Sheridan. Paul Potter has lately re-dressed Tom Taylor's “The Overland Route” for the American public, under the title of “The Pacific Mail.” He has written several other stage works. He took only three weeks in dramatising “Trilby,” an act of which, by the way, he has since had to re-write entirely.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is rapidly acquiring that art of diction which was said to be lost to the English stage. When I listened to her the other night, at the Garrick, her voice, notably in the first act, seemed to have acquired a new melody, so rich and full was her intonation. It is now a simple pleasure to hear her speak, and that cannot often be said of English actresses. The long speeches of Agnes Ebbesmith are delivered with exquisite modulation, and the bad habit of dropping the voice, which was disagreeably conspicuous when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing in “John-a-Dreams,” is quite cured. I would advise every young actress to study the elocution of this accomplished artist.

VARNISHING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

As a fellow-varnisher naïvely remarked to me—he was a foreigner—it is not easy to paint badly enough to be hung by the Royal Academy. But if you should have attained the hanging committee's standard of mediocrity, you duly receive the coveted bit of brown pasteboard which invites you to inspect your work at Burlington House.

If you are a novice, you set out burdened with a paint-box and varnish-bottles. If you have varnished before, you know that varnishing is a ceremony more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and that, moreover, your picture will probably have been hung at such a height that only by dint of a telescope could you discover whether or not it was hung wrong side up, let alone varnished. Again, if you are a novice, your progress from the moment of your entrance to the galleries is marked by a series of shocks. You may have visited the Academy only on private-view day. If so, the appearance of the staircase is a shock. You remember it being gay with crimson drugget and bright with flowers; at the top was stationed a gorgeous being, clad in scarlet robes and gold lace, around whom a battalion of lady journalists, weary of trying to stalk celebrities, surged, a-hungry for cards inscribed with names. Or perhaps you have judged by a “Vermissage” at the Paris Salon. In either case, you experience a shock. On Varnishing Day the Royal Academy staircase is guileless of crimson and gold lace, of flowering plants, and lady journalists. It is a staircase, and nothing more, and dull at that, with its swathings of grey drugget and brown holland. At the top you will be turned back to exchange your brown ticket, down at the left of the entrance-door, for a blue card, on which you inscribe your name. Glancing to the right, you see a deal table, over which exhibitors are stooping scanning the rough proof-sheets of the catalogue, which are pasted on the table. An old outsider, who has been “skied” times innumerable, knows his fate by his number. The novice rushes gleefully up the stairs and through the galleries. She—the novice nowadays is nearly always a femininity—has another shock. The galleries, too, are in curl-papers, so to speak. The polished parquet floor, on which Society imperils its life a few days later in order that the hang of its skirt or coat-tails may be seen of men, are covered in a *déshabillé* of grey drugget. The divans are smothered in striped overalls, and trestle-tables are fitted up in the centre of many of the galleries. These are laden with paint-boxes, palettes, brushes, paint-rags, and other artists' properties. Men and women—and this year the women varnishers were many, and not a few were young and pretty—stand about in groups, or stroll through the galleries, somewhat like actors at rehearsals waiting for their cue or for the principals. They, like the galleries, are in a species of undress—the men mostly in serge or tweed suits, a few with long hair, gay-coloured neckties, and soft-felt hats. You may generally tell a Newlyn or St. Ives man by his necktie or his hat, just as you may a Fabian. The ladies look as if they had exhausted their artistic efforts on canvas, and had none left for such trifles as dress; and one of the younger generation, fresh from Paris, in a hat and coat obviously Parisian, makes quite a sensation among her more quietly dressed colleagues. Evidently, varnishing is the last thing thought of by varnishers, though an industrious few are mounted high on step-ladders, scrubbing and touching-up and varnishing work that, for all one can see of it, might as well be hung wrong side up as otherwise. Others, more fortunate, are touching up without the aid of ladders; but, with most of the company, varnishing seems to be but a pretext for meetings with friends and a private private-view of the galleries.

As she hastens through gallery after gallery in search of her picture, Miss Novice recognises R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. She gazes on these with reverence, not yet having realised that an R.A. or an A.R.A. is not necessarily a distinguished artist. She notes that some pictures—they are all on the line—are carefully covered with brown holland and marked with the names of the President and other absent “varnishers.” Later, she will see the wraps taken away and the glories behind revealed. She meets workmen with white aprons carrying basins of water and sponges, for all the world as if the gallery were the operating theatre of a hospital, and she hears curious scraps of conversation, mostly criticism of the frankest, both of the hangers and the hung. She wonders why one young man, who wears a rose-madder necktie, should glare fiercely at a prosperous-looking elderly gentleman. She learns later that the young man is Vermilion, of one of the Cornish schools, whose masterpiece has been “skied.” The prosperous old man is Vandyke. He is on the hanging committee, and young Vermilion is making studies for a picture which he intends to call “The Hangers Hung.” She pauses aghast in one room to look at the very biggest picture that she has ever seen in her life. Its size staggers her. She hears one man call it So-and-so's “Chamber of Horrors,” while another speaks of it as “twenty feet of mediocrity.” She tries to do some mental arithmetic. “If every R.A. or A.R.A. sent in seven times twenty feet of mediocrity, how much wall-space would be left for outsiders?” but gives it up. “Does that picture count one or seven?” she asks a colleague who comes up just as Miss Novice recovers breath. “I don't know what it counts, but it should mean seven years' hard labour to send in a picture like that,” her friend says severely. With the help of her friend, Miss Novice at last discovers her picture. It is “skied,” so she decides to varnish it by proxy.

More varnishing—or the pretence thereof—follows lunch. Old friendships are renewed, old feuds forgotten; and Miss Novice is not the only one who discovers that Varnishing Day has its pleasures, even for those who are not hung on the line.



VISCOUNT DOWNE, THE NEW STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

FRENCH COURT MEMOIRS.*

The world owes a great deal to its graphomania. The Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of the Regent, was the second wife of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. She appears to have spent nearly all her time in correspondence with her German kindred, and, although most of her letters are believed to be still concealed in divers European archives, enough of them came to light to furnish a remarkable picture of the

Grand Monarque and his Court. The Duchesse d'Orléans was a phlegmatic German, of sound sense, with no beauty—she describes her own ugliness in uncompromising terms; a good hater—witness her portrait of Madame de Maintenon; an excellent judge of character, and a great eater of ham and sausages. She boasted that she introduced sauer-kraut into France; tea and coffee she despised as "foreign drugs," and after French soup she was always so ill that only ham and sausages could restore her physical equilibrium. Her courage and shrewdness made her a favourite with Louis XIV., in spite of Maintenon's intrigues, and she escaped the fate of Monsieur's first wife, Henrietta, daughter of our Charles I., an unhappy lady who was

poisoned. There was no concealment of the murder, and the criminals remained unpunished; indeed, the new Duchesse d'Orléans found that she was surrounded by people who made no secret of their complicity in her predecessor's taking-off. She maintained a difficult position with great tact, and paid off many old scores with that industrious pen which laboured from morning till night. Her chief quality as a chronicler was candour. The editor of her Memoirs is frequently reduced to asterisks, for the old lady was not in the habit of sparing details of delicate situations. St. Simon was not squeamish, but even he, in the course of a favourable judgment of her character, complained of her indelicacy. If her pictures of contemporary manners are in any degree accurate, the Court of the Grand Monarque was scarcely a model of fastidious refinement.

Of Louis, the Duchesse evidently desired to speak no ill, for she owed much to him, and she was not ungrateful; but her native veracity plays the relentless satirist. We see a mass of vanity and luxury, so grossly ignorant that he could scarcely read or write; so abjectly superstitious that he signed the edict for the persecution of the Protestants solely because the Jesuits assured him that this was the only way to obtain the Divine forgiveness for his amour with Madame de Montespan; so enslaved by this woman, that he threw a dog at La Vallière, the discarded mistress who loved him, and whose self-inflicted penance for her sin was to submit to his daily insults. Swollen with flattery, amused by the most contemptible jests, so incapable of government that his war against the Elector-Palatine remains a monument of barbarous stupidity, Louis stands out in this friendly portraiture more completely stripped of his spurious grandeur than he was when Thackeray drew him without his wig and his finery. The glory of the Grand Monarque shrivels up like the vaunted elegance of his Court, which was not only corrupt, but quite destitute of the grace that was supposed to rob vice of half its evil by concealing all its grossness. The licentiousness of the Court, at all events, during the reign of Montespan, was shameless. The chief sultana was a dirty slut. That the Duchesse d'Orléans had no exaggerated scruples about personal cleanliness is shown by her suggestion that the death of a princess was due to "excessive bathing"; but she could not tolerate the habits of Montespan. King and courtiers, men and women, were all enormous eaters. The princesses were often the worse for liquor, though Montespan could drink several bottles of the strongest Italian wine without discomposure. Louis could eat, at a single meal, "four platefuls of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge,

a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good-sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruit and sweetmeats." When Maintenon supplanted Montespan, hypocrisy was added to the vices of gluttony and debauchery. The Duchesse cordially hated Maintenon, and with excellent reason. She was at no pains to hide her contempt for the woman who played on the King's superstition as Montespan had played on his sensuality. The portrait of the new favourite is drawn in lurid colours. A monstrous bigotry, insatiable avarice, and a malice which did not stop at murder, are the chief attributes with which the Duchesse invests her enemy. She asserts that the Queen was done to death by a physician in Maintenon's pay. After that the infatuated Louis was persuaded to marry his religious preceptress; but he refused to proclaim the marriage, and this disappointment of Maintenon's hopes was the sweetest morsel of revenge to her implacable critic.

All this would be even more piquant if Maintenon had been a graphomaniae too, and had left us copious tributes to her own piety and the malevolence of her contemporaries. What did she think of the man who said of her that "God has, by way of punishing the devil, doomed him to exist a certain number of years in that ugly body"? Unluckily, she was too much occupied by her devotions, and by the task of teaching orthodoxy to the King, to have either the taste or the time for writing frivolous memoirs. This pastime had an attraction for the Princess Lamballe many years later. She is not as entertaining as the Duchesse d'Orléans. She lived, indeed, in times when the French Court had more serious distractions than the gratification of vanity and appetite. But her Journal throws a curious light on the manners which were supposed to be models of courtly breeding. There is a story of the surveillance exercised by the Court ladies over Marie Antoinette—a story which I cannot even summarise in this decorous page. Nor can I give the details of the early married life of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, who had a rival in his own grandfather, for, incredible as it may seem, Louis XV. actually cherished the project of annulling the Dauphin's marriage, and of wedding Marie Antoinette himself. Anybody who still cherishes the delusion that an exquisite delicacy veiled intrigue in this high-bred society ought to read the Princess Lamballe's story of the Court cabals against the young Dauphiness. Marie Antoinette suffered much from her simplicity. In the consciousness of her own virtue she did those indiscreet things against which Joseph Surface warns Lady Teazle. In so corrupt an atmosphere the most transparent honesty was the chief provocation to calumny. One anecdote shows how easily and innocently Marie Antoinette gained a reputation for light behaviour. She was fond of England, and eager to learn our language. Lady Spencer told her that no Englishwoman ever said "breeches," but described that part of the male dress as "inexpressibles." Presently some English noblemen, on their way to the hunt, appeared in new buckskin breeches, and the Queen exclaimed, "I do not like dem yellow irresistibles!" Lady Spencer was in such a dreadful state that she fled to her coach, "and drove off at full speed, as if fearful of being contaminated." From the moment she set foot in France, Marie Antoinette carried the seal of misfortune, and no such tragic irony is to be found in history as the downfall of the French monarchy on the heads of a king and queen whose personal virtues offered so strong a contrast to the vices of their predecessors. The Journal of the Princess Lamballe was first published in 1826, edited by "a lady of rank" in the "confidential service" of the Princess. It is fair to say that grave doubts have been thrown upon its authenticity, chiefly because the "lady of rank," who was the Marchioness Solari, had a very chequered career. But she was evidently an eye-witness of the incidents she treats of, and there is nothing in her story flagrantly inconsistent with known facts. Her moral reflections, especially in the foot-notes, are rather tedious; but she supplies a connected narrative of the events which led to the Terror, a narrative that places some important transactions in a clearer light than is shed upon them by laborious historians.

A.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF BIRDS.

The Grosvenor Museum, Chester, possesses some interesting specimens of the taxidermist's delicate art, illustrating the life-history of birds. They were mounted and prepared by the collector, Mr. R. Newstead, F.E.S., and a beautiful series of photographs of them, printed in platinotype, and twenty-five in number, has just been made by Mr. G. Watmough Webster, F.C.S. As the preface to the series points out, it is only within the last decade or two that many museum authorities have awakened to the fact that the "bird-stuffer" has had his day; but a time has come when, if museum specimens are to possess any real educational value, they must be dealt with in a manner far beyond that of mere dexterous "stuffing." Every feather must lie in its place as in life; every contour, every curve, be shown as nature would give them; no trace of manipulation be discovered over the whole framework. And the up-to-date taxidermist arranges each of his specimens in every variety of attitude assumed in life, choosing, as far as possible, the most characteristic pose for each. Mr. Newstead has done this admirably, and good examples of a similar kind are to be found at South Kensington and in the museums of Brighton and Leicester among other places. The group shown here, a male and a female lark, was collected in Cheshire by Mr. A. O. Walker, F.L.S., and was the first group mounted by Mr. Newstead.

* "Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV." By the Duchesse d'Orléans. London: H. S. Nichols and Co.

"Memoirs of the Royal Family of France." By the Princess Lamballe. London: H. S. Nichols and Co.



LARKS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY G. WATMOUGH WEBSTER, F.C.S., CHESTER.

AN IRISH CONVENT AND ITS WORK.

Only those who have seen the hideous distress of the "most distressful" country may easily recall a few villages like Foxford as I knew it in the past. Poverty grips closely most of the hamlets of the County Mayo,

local proprietor, Lord Claremorris, has materially aided "Mother Bernard's" enterprise; nor are the Countess of Arran, Lady Claremorris, or Mrs. Pery Knox-Gore and Mrs. McDermott the only gentlefolks who have enrolled themselves under the good nun's banner of Charity, for, from near by and far abroad, kind hands and many have been stretched out to help. Blankets, home-spun tweeds, and other woollen wares are



A GROUP OF VILLAGERS.



VIEW OF THE MILL AND INFANT-SCHOOL FROM THE BRIDGE.



THE DAIRY CLASS.

and in Foxford it gripped tightest. When I was last there, some four years ago, the piteousness of extreme want was a prevailing feature, all the more touching because set off by the, shall I say, sublime resignation of naturally mirthful Celts imbued to the very marrow by a cheerful piety which sustained them in their squalor. Now all this is changed, or in process of being changed. Some kind-hearted gentlewomen, greatly moved by the bitter want, sought means to abate it permanently. Providence led the Reverend Mother Bernard Morrogh to their aid, and she has marshalled many of the most needy inhabitants of the sleepy, tumble-down hamlet in the van of the "Technical Industries" army, which marches to lift Ireland from her accustomed sorry plight. The reproductions from photographs, which illustrate this hopeful movement at Foxford, reached me from a sympathising lady who, like a great number of the most active patrons of the Foxford factories, is not of the faith of the people on whom she has, like a true Samaritan, had compassion. The

the main products of the "Providence Mills"; but these and stockings, and even Irish lace, will not exhaust the energies of the promoters, who have, it is surmised, taken the first steps to improve the existing cabins into fitting human habitations. A bazaar, to be held in the autumn, is contemplated, and about it and the fabrics for sale the Reverend Mother will be too glad to supply all information. I wish it had fallen to a more persuasive pen than mine to tell of a village redeemed to plenty, of humble hearths where hope, after long absence, smiles once more. The recollection of the sweet-hearted poor people whom I met when I fished their well-loved river Moy spurred me to write. One may think that easy-rolling, salmon-full river has lost some of its poetry in lending its strength to weave wool. Not so, in truth, has it; for the enchantment of "caller" air, ever-changeable mountain front, and whispering water still fills the Foxford soul with quaint fairy and folk lore, which alone flowers and flourishes by the hill and the flood.

J. J. D.



THE WOOL STORES.

IN A CIRCUS.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS LETTY LIND AS A CLOWN.

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"AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS LETTY LIND AS DAISY VANE.

“WILLIE AND CHARLIE.”

From Shaftesbury Avenue to the stage of the Palace Theatre at mid-day proved a startling transition. Outside there was a bright April sun; within, the semi-darkness of the great unlighted stage. In this somewhat gloomy gymnasium (writes a *Sketch* representative) I found the Maningo boys at their daily practice. Coached by their father, “Willie and Charlie” were preparing new feats and rehearsing the



present programme. Soon a flood of light burst from the wings, and I was able to admire the well-proportioned figures of these young acrobats, who have become as popular in London as they were in Paris.

“Don’t your boys sometimes feel afraid of failure when performing in public?” I asked Mr. Maningo.

“Never,” was the reply. “I do not allow them to attempt anything in public until they have thoroughly mastered it.”

“What is the special feature of the preparation for these feats?”

“Simply practice. Of course, the boys are born acrobats. I, too, am an old stager in the business, and was performing at the Aquarium as recently as ‘88.”

“Their training includes, I suppose, the ordinary gymnasium work, trapeze, bells, bar, &c.?”

“Oh, yes; they have done three or four years’ steady work of that sort.”

“The boys have made ‘a hit’?”

“Yes; they went from the Folies Bergères to the Empire, thence to the Palace; and, after engagements at the Paragon, the Canterbury, and the Oxford, they are back once more at the Palace.”

“How old are they?”

“One is twelve, and the other is thirteen and a half.”

“Isn’t strict training rather irksome to boys?”

“Not in the least; if, on the one hand, they are debarred the delights of the ‘tuck-shop,’ they take, on the other, a pride in their performance that more than compensates for their trifling self-denial.”

The healthy, happy appearance of “Willie and Charlie” amply bore out their father’s assurance. With true boyish enthusiasm, each displayed his fine biceps and deep, powerful chest. The lads would earn the commendation of the most exacting judge of form—their movements are light, quick, and well-timed. A neat dexterity characterises the whole “show”—each feat is cleanly executed. Their most taking item, from the spectacular point of view, is perhaps the rotary see-saw, and it is certainly as effective near at hand as when seen from the other side of the footlights.

“Your sons will be strong men one of these days?”

“No,” was the answer; “they will never be mere weight-lifters—their perfect physical development will be more adapted to exercises of skill. With an occasional exception, the weight-lifting champion is not a well-formed creature.”

I left, with the decided impression that, of all men, the acrobat and balanceer alone can hope to conform to the Greek perfection of physique.

HORS D’OEUVRES.

The late scandalous scene at a more or less fashionable wedding shows up in a somewhat curious light the anomalies of what we are accustomed to call our religious organisation. A gentleman who had been divorced by a previous wife was taking to himself another bride, and while one clergyman was performing the ceremony, another clergyman, calling himself Father Something-or-other, delivered a lengthy protest against the marriage, and then “left the church with his friends,” a phrase that reminds one somehow of a prisoner who has been acquitted at a police court. Further, certain members of the English Church Union (a humorous body that competes in absurdity with another called the Church Association) held a meeting at which they remarked that if clergymen were allowed to celebrate re-marriages of divorced persons, they, each and all, would no longer oppose Disestablishment.

Now it may be right, and certainly is likely to be profitable, for these polemical persons to advocate Disestablishment. So long as the present Government has not disestablished the Church of England, so long will it be in a position to job disestablishers into high place. But the question of the re-marriage of divorced persons seems hardly to be sufficient ground for advocating revolutionary change. Of course, the extremely High Churchmen object to State control and connection as hampering the Church in governing itself—or herself, as they put it.

But these irate Fathers and laymen seem to miss what is, nevertheless, a rather obvious fact—that they themselves would have not the very best of times in a really disestablished and self-governing Church. In a self-supporting organisation, it is the party holding the purse that governs. Now, in a church, it is the laymen that pay; and, in all probability, the average British layman would look with toleration on a divorcee whose faith in the virtue of the ceremony of marriage was robust enough to survive one disappointment; while the English mind has an inbred distrust of zealous ecclesiastical gentlemen *calling themselves* Father This or Father That.

The State is fairly logical; it says that, since the legal marriage between two people has been annulled by legal process, each of them can now be legally married to someone else. This marriage the State allows to be carried out in any legal manner recognised by itself. If any clergyman is willing to perform a religious ceremony, he is allowed to do so; if he refuses, he is not compelled. The “just cause or impediment” that anybody is bound to declare, if it exists, is something that would render the marriage illegal if performed. For instance, one of the parties may be deceiving the other by a false name, or may be already legally married to someone else, or may be insane; but the fact of having been divorced is not a “just cause or impediment,” for “just” here means “legal.” Undoubtedly, for the guilty person in a divorce case to gain the same liberty of marrying again as the innocent, seems immoral; and in some American states a distinction is made by law: but so is it immoral—and far more cruel—for a person with an hereditary disease of mind or body to marry at all. Yet I have never heard of a public protest in church against such marriages.

The fact is that, in the application of religion to ordinary life by the State, there has to be accommodation, and this is effected by a thorough-going system of cheerful, optimistic make-belief. A clergyman is supposed to marry or bury or baptise anybody not obviously “impossible,” without too rigorous inquiry. The language of the ritual assumes that the deceased has been a truly good and religious person in life, that the intending spouses are actuated by the truest and most faithful love, that the baby is really regenerated, and that the sponsors will see that it grows up in a proper atmosphere of religion. The average sensible man realises that, in the majority of cases, these optimistic notions are not fully realised. The reason is merely that, in devising a form of religious ceremony, it is impossible to suit all cases; so that, in order to gratify friends and make things pleasant generally, the hypothesis is always that the deceased has been, or the married is, the most exemplary of men.

Our friends of the E.C.U., of course, take a different view. To them a religious ceremony, just because it is religious, has a mystic, magical, and indelible efficacy—something like the floor-cloth advertised in *Punch*, which, “once put down, can never be taken up; once taken up, can never be put down.” And if they were to get Disestablishment, they would probably find that they had exchanged the King Log of episcopal and Erastian control for the King Stork of the Low Church layman. The majority is still Protestant and prosaic. Very High Church, like very high game, appeals only to the cultured few.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



DAPHNE.—ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

The Spring Exhibition at the New Gallery is, this year, neither better nor worse than exhibitions at the same gallery in former years, and this, when one remembers some of the peculiarly excellent work which has hung upon those walls in the past, is to give it no small praise. As in a smaller Academy, here is every possible variety of picture—portraits, seascapes, landscapes, pictures imaginative, primitive, prosaic, poetical, and pre-Raphaelite. The least catholic taste is likely to find something from which it is able to extract some enjoyment. And for the critic who is not bound down by school, there is much to please and to interest.

Of all the pictures that now hang in this gallery, we unhesitatingly give to Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ada Rehan the first place. There

colour, and distinction. Mr. C. Smithers' "A Race: Mermaids and Tritons," though clever and attractive, should rather be called "Waterhouse Revisited."

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., confronts you himself in the West Room with a pleasant and pretty—we use the epithets advisedly—composition, "The Shrine" (No. 60). Mr. W. Llewellyn shows a capacity for fine brushwork in his "Mrs. Percy Hudson" (No. 62). Mr. Strudwick (No. 64) is—well, Mr. Strudwick, in a picture stiff with fine workmanship, but strikingly unreal and posed. Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Mrs. Rowland Hill and Children" (No. 67) is a brilliant piece of work, though the subject is somewhat dull. Miss Clara Montalba's "On the Zattere, Venice" (No. 68) is a little composition exquisite in the colour of its silver-greys, and quite beautiful in its broad and poetical expression. Mrs. Adrian Stokes, in her "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning Wool for the Poor" (No. 81), shows audacious cleverness; she



FINISHING TOUCHES.—C. MACIVER GRIERSON, R.I.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

are faults in the picture, it is true. The flesh is, at times, streaky and poor in colour; but, despite this, the work remains so vital, so strong, so vividly impressive, that the terms of ordinary criticism can no longer be used in its regard. To those who know Miss Rehan, indeed, the mere likeness, the poise of the head, the peculiar spreading of the shoulders, will come pictorially as a wonderful achievement in looking-glass portraiture. To those who do not know her, the picture must appeal no less by reason of its magnificent audacity, its high poetical quality, its unity, and its untiring skill. This is to give high praise; but, even so, we are conscious that it is inadequate.

Having thus eased one's mind upon the subject of Mr. Sargent, one may take the pictures, more or less, turn by turn. In the South Room, Mr. C. Napier Hemy's "The City by the Golden River" (No. 7) is an interesting canvas, fine in colour, and elaborated with much ingenuity, but a trifle dull: the light effects and the sky seem, in a word, to be little more than uninspired pigment. Mr. G. Hitchcock's "The Flight into Egypt" (No. 18) is, on the other hand, bathed in light: the picture is beautifully painted, but we find the persistent blue of the flowers somewhat harshly monotonous. A little portrait by Mr. S. Melton Fisher (No. 29), which hangs in the same room as these, has breadth, fine

does not pretend to atmospheric verisimilitude, but none can deny her accomplishment.

In the same room, Mr. Tristram Ellis rather surprises one by the brilliant lighting of his drawing, "Morning on the Golden Horn, Constantinople" (No. 88); and the Hon. John Collier, as usual, carries one away by the cleverness of his portraiture—however unpoetical it may be—in his "Miss Frances Hawkshaw" (No. 98). Sir Edward Burne-Jones more or less dominates this room; his "Sleeping Beauty" (No. 106) has all his qualities and their defects, while his portrait of "Dorothy Drew" (No. 109) is, in parts, as exquisite a little passage in paint as we have encountered from the brush of this artist. His "The Fall of Lucifer" (No. 135) suffers, perhaps, from the extreme lowness of its tone: it depresses one, while it, at the same time, compels one's admiration for the lavish labour, the careful thought, the poetical imaginativeness which distinguish it. "The Wedding of Psyche" (No. 163), on the other hand, by the same artist, is rather tiresomely expressive. Here also hangs an admirable "View of a Dutch Town" (No. 132) by James Maris; the sky and cloud are both exceedingly good, the distances are judged by an unerring eye, and the tone is exhilarating and delightful.

In the North Room hangs the Sargent, upon which we have already commented. Near it, by way of contrast, hangs Mr. W. Holman Hunt's "Miss Gladys M. Holman Hunt" (No. 194). Now, however generously we may recognise the fact that Mr. Holman Hunt does not

failures," with the cause of each, were arranged by the same exhibitor, together with a useful set of "Rose-color Test" tiles (specially prepared by Joseph P. Emery), and a series of tiles bearing specimens of fired colours by various manufacturers. The exhibits will form part of the Photo-ceramic sections at Eastbourne and the Imperial Institute Photographic Exhibitions.



MUSCOVY DUCK AND YOUNG.—H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

attempt to present a general visual effect, it is impossible to forgive the hideous purple of his flesh-tints, and the crude, angular outlines of his composition. More we need not say. Mr. W. E. F. Britten may have peculiar views upon the height of angels, but, if he will represent them as common human beings (No. 200), he should limit their pretensions by a standard of human credibility. His singing angels, judged by the size of their heads, must be ludicrously enormous creatures. Mr. T. C. Gotch sends two child-subjects, and rather offends, in the more important of the two, by the crudeness of his blue. We remember that, in his more or less famous Academy picture of last year, he went perilously near the line of demerit in his vivid blue; this year he has fearlessly crossed the Rubicon. Mr. Alfred East, in "The Misty Mere" (No. 225), is characteristically poetical; the Hon. John Collier, in "The Laboratory," is brilliantly melodramatic; Mr. Watts, in his "Charity" (No. 250), shows himself to be rather an unequal master; and Miss Maud Bennington's "Echoes" (No. 272) rather charms one by reason of its extreme—even its silly—primitiveness. It has the fancy of a very young child-poet. We must recur later to other details of this interesting show.

A small collection of photo-ceramic enamels by various workers has been exhibited in the *Photogram* reading-room. There was also a fairly representative collection of materials and apparatus for working the process. Some fine portraits on enamelled copper plaques were shown by Morgan and Kidd, Richmond; J. S. Tunney and Co., Edinburgh; and L'Esmail Enamel Company, London. Among the more direct applications of photography to ceramics was a dessert-plate, beautifully decorated in dark blue and gold, bearing a child's portrait in the centre; this was the work of George G. Rockwood, of New York. One of the most striking portraits on exhibition was the work of Mr. Gay (a London worker), and was burnt in on a tile twelve inches square.

An educational case (specially arranged by W. Ethelbert Henry, C.E., F.R.P.S.) contained prints and transfers, showing the various stages in the production of photo-ceramic pictures, from the original transparency to the finished burnt-in result. Examples of under- and over-exposures, as well as a miscellaneous collection of "furnace

A symposium on animal studies is given in the *Practical Photographer* for the month just past, with a series of very clever illustrations. Mr. Gambier Bolton, the *doyen* of animal-photographers, contributes an article on his favourite subject, in the course of which he says: "Commencing in 1872 with a three-guinea set from our old friend Fallowfield, of Lambeth, in the days of wet collodion plates and cumbersome apparatus, I have, off and on, in all parts of the world, continued my work among birds and beasts, ever since, labouring under many difficulties of which the portrait and landscape photographer knows little or nothing—a puff of wind moving the mane, tail, or feathers; the slight sound causing the twitching of an ear; the quick action of the eye and nostrils, or even the movement necessary in breathing, spoiling hundreds of otherwise perfect plates, many of them only taken after hours, and, in some cases even days, of watching; and it is quite a common occurrence to use thirty to fifty plates on a single beast or bird, and, in some instances, nearly one hundred plates have been exposed and developed before the one *perfect* negative has been obtained."

Then he maintains that "a good deal of patience is required—some would call it obstinacy—anyhow, a determination not to be beaten, but to return to the task day after day until the result satisfies you. A



HEADS OF PODARGUS.—H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

natural taste for, and some idea of, zoology, and a certain amount of artistic training, are also necessary before the proper lighting and positions for the various subjects can be selected—positions that will please and satisfy naturalists, artists, and the general public (three rather hard task-masters, I find); while, to take up this work with the idea of producing only the best possible results, throwing aside all others, must mean such a heavy outlay and expense as to prevent it from ever being made to answer, from a financial point of view, at least in our day."



DEMOISELLE CRANES.—H. STACY MARKS, R.A.



SWANS AND SHELDRAKES.—H. STACY MARKS, R.A.



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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DARMSTADT.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



THE HALL AND CORRIDOR.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DARMSTADT.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

THE DINING-ROOM.



THE STABLES.

TWO CLEVER CHILDREN.

(Photographs by Morrison, Chicago.)

The great broad stage of the Alhambra, with its weird, shifting lights and shadows, makes, "behind the scenes," an admirable and picturesque background to each and all of the "stars" who go to form Mr. Douglas Cox's constellation; but my chat with the two dainty *danseuses* I had come to seek was carried on in their own sanctum, a spacious dressing-room far removed from the hurry and din of the stage, and there—where the white-robed, childish little figures produced as fresh and wind-blown an appearance as when I had seen them across the foot-lights, floating in rhythmic measure—I conversed with May and Flora Hengler.

"We do not count ourselves wholly American," said the eldest, with just a *souçon* of Yankee twang, "although we were born in New York, for our mother"—with a fond gesture towards the pleasant-faced little lady who stood watchfully by—"is an Englishwoman; but father was a well-known dancer on the other side; and, although we only began to learn, properly, some two years ago, when my sister was ten and I was twelve, we can neither of us remember a time when we didn't dance, either for our own amusement or for that of our friends."

"The children," added Mrs. Hengler, "used to take part in drawing-room performances, and several people told me that I ought to have them properly trained. We are all three heartily glad that we followed this advice. From the first, Flora and May found the kindest support from everybody, and quite lately we have been thirty-five weeks 'on the road.'"

"That," chimed in the younger sister, "means in some of the American States, for you know that there is a law in New York State not allowing girls to perform on the stage till they are sixteen years of age."

"And, as dancers, what is your speciality?"

"Every and all kinds of step-dancing, and also what is styled over the water the 'Merry-Mute' dance, which ought really to be performed in list slippers, and quite silently."

"And have you any theory as to what kind of skirts a *danseuse* ought to wear?" I inquired, glancing at the simple white satin frocks, veiled in lace, worn by my two little hostesses.

"Why, no," answered Miss Flora simply; "we and mother always make our own things. We don't care for our skirts to be either too short or too long; but you must not think," she added, "that we do



THE HENGLER SISTERS.

nothing but dance. When we were on tour we formed part of the '1492 Company,' that being, as you perhaps know, a piece somewhat similar to your 'Little Christopher Columbus.'

"They both mean to become great actresses some day," said the mother, smiling.

"And do they have to practise much?" I went on to ask her.

"Yes, a great deal, and, in many cases, arrange, and, if I may use the term, invent their own new dances. Unlike the generality of very young dancers, they soon acquired all that can be learnt of the art, and they never see a new performance or trick of style without coming home and immediately trying to do likewise."

"And do you find that the music makes a great difference?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed; it is far easier to dance to some kinds of accompaniment than to others. We prefer to have our dance-music written for us;



THE HENGLER SISTERS.

but, of course, it is not always possible to have that done," they answered.

"We are all delighted to get back to England and the Alhambra," observed Miss May; "we feel thoroughly at home here—why, even in the States we are often taken for English girls."

"Your name," I suggested, "is full of association to circus-loving folk."

"Why, yes!" they all three cried simultaneously; "people are always asking us if we are not related in some way or other to Mr. Hengler, of Hengler's Circus; but that is not so, in any way," and, with this decided utterance, the two young ladies bade me a cordial *Au revoir*.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

Oh, what a word to find rhymes for!—Academy.

That's where you

Gaze upon paintings, some hard—say macadam;

Some quite blue;

Fogs of impressionists, these strike, as faddy, me;

Art that's "new";

Portraits and groups, *Bébé*, *Monsieur et Madame y Scnt*; a few

Figures quite nude, simply Evelike and Adamy,

What a stew

Glasgow would be in! I laugh, which is bad o' me;

Then some true

Classic things, Leighton, Poynter, Tademy,

Marbly hue;

Drawings (as paper for these many had "demy,"

When they drew),

Sculpture, prints—all at the famous Academy

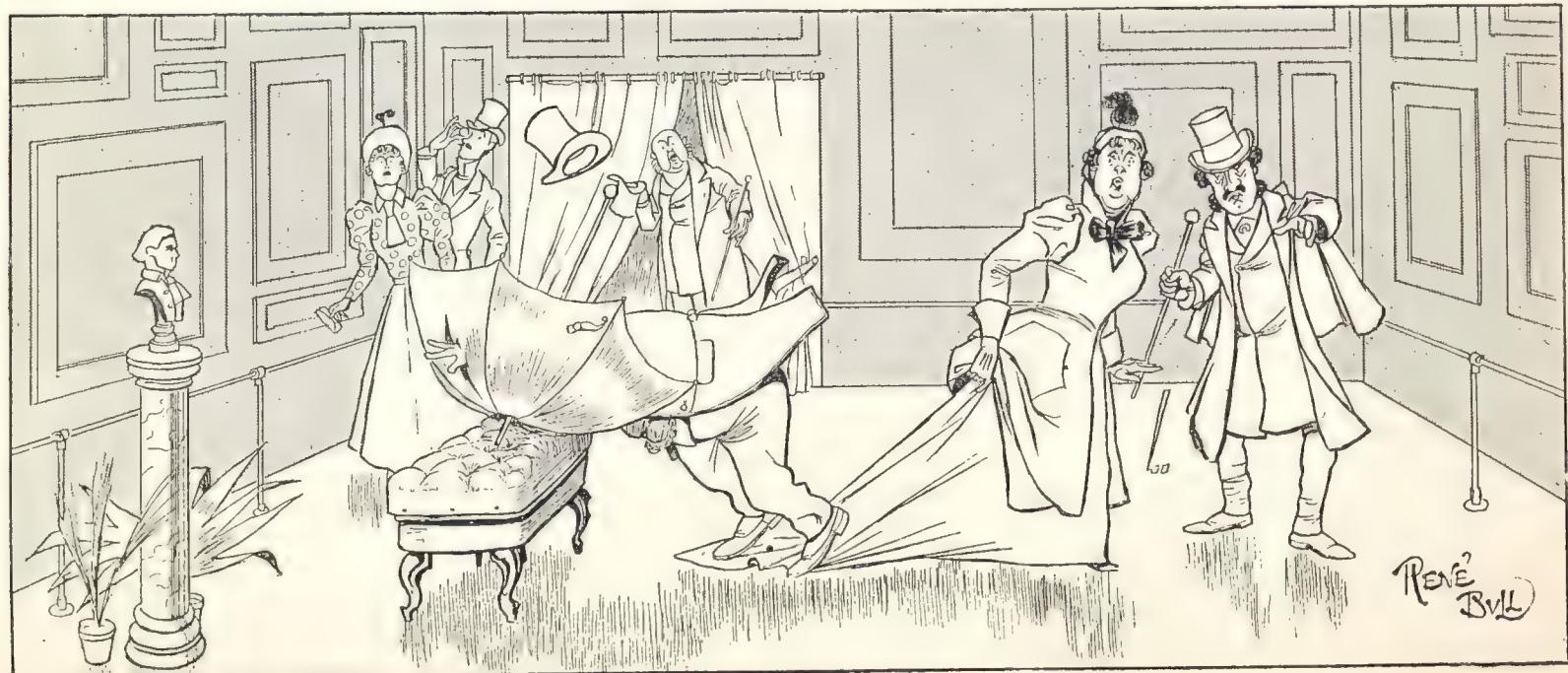
Private View.

H. DEVEY BROWNE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

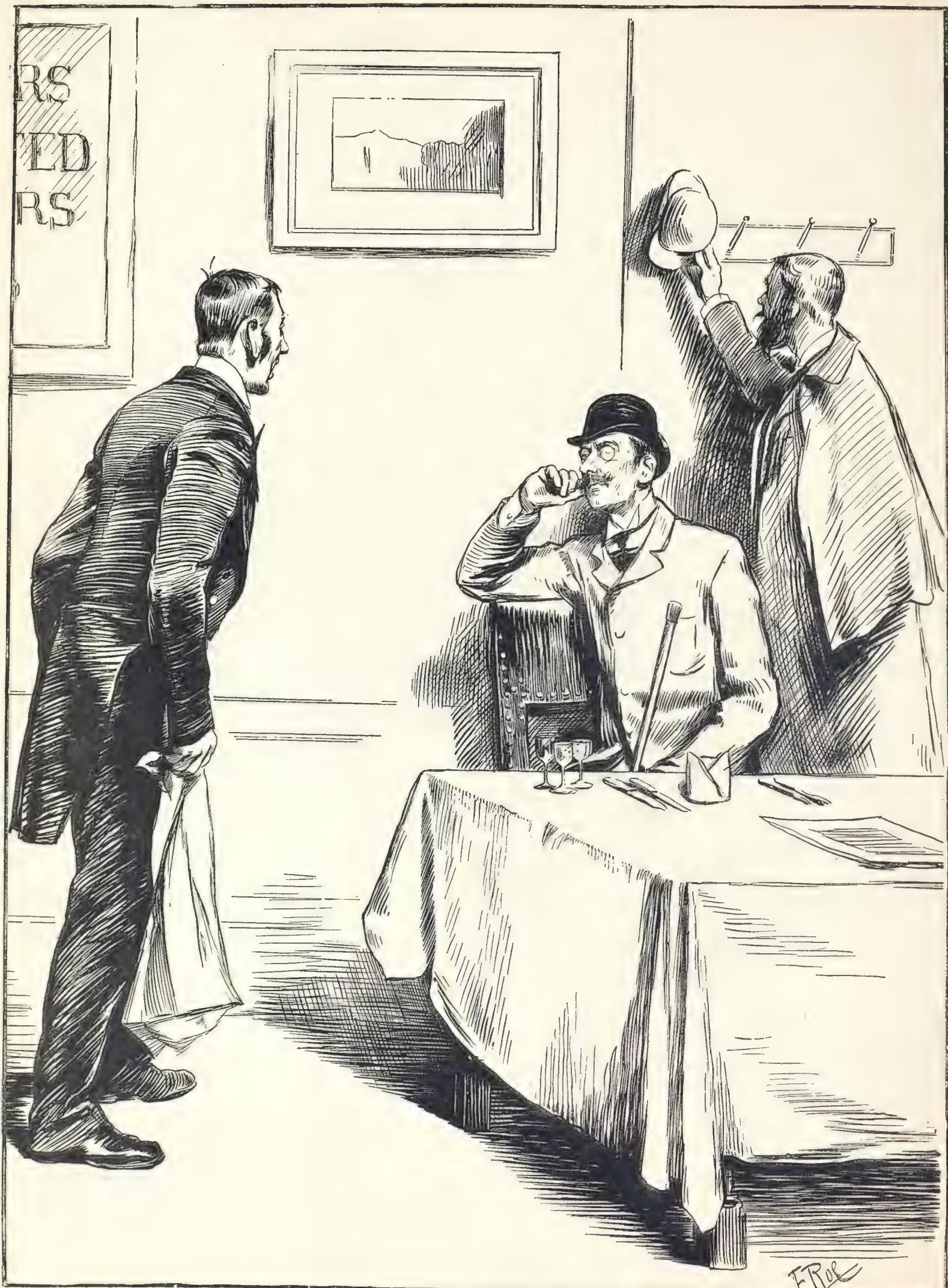


"I told my wife I would not smoke another cigar, and I won't. A pipe is quite good enough for me."





ON THE MOOR: OUR POET SEEKS INSPIRATION.



A LARGE ORDER.

JOHNSON (rather mixed) : " Say, waiter, bring me two bloaters' *toes* on *roast*, and look sharp ! "

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL,

A FREAK OF FATE.

BY THÉRÈSE DESCOURS.

Very few women would have done it, he knew that. There was not a moment in the day when the thought was not present to his mind; there was something sublime in the sacrifice she had made for him. She, in the prime of her youth and beauty, to have married him, to have rejected the chance of freedom he had freely offered her, and to have become his wife in spite of everything; to have bestowed herself upon a man who could never again behold her loveliness; for, after all, when they were married no one held out any hope of his recovery. All the specialists declared that his chance of escaping total blindness was infinitesimal, and yet she had firmly declined to break their engagement, and for three years she had been his ever-loving, ever-patient companion. What sort of nightmare would life have been without his Margaret? Could he have borne the horror of it? And his thoughts went back to the day when his sentence had been pronounced by the kindly, sympathetic oculist: "You must make up your mind to face the worst." He had crossed Cavendish Square like a man in a dream; it seemed to him at that moment that it would have been far simpler to have been told "You die to-morrow" than "You will be blind."

He was just beginning to discover the real meaning of life. People were talking of his picture at the Academy, Margaret Travers had promised to be his wife, long years of happiness and success were stretching before him, and suddenly, with a snap, the book was closed and the future was one horrible, impenetrable darkness, through which he must wander alone!

He remembered how his first thought had been to have done with it all, to defy Fate—what was there to live for?—but he was young: it is hard to give up mere life when the blood courses quickly through your veins, and then—Margaret! Margaret! He was glad, now he looked back, that he had had the strength to wait till the first agony had passed before he told her the horrible truth. If he had gone to her at the first minute, quivering with the anguish of the blow, he might perhaps sometimes have wondered whether she had not taken him from very pity—whether he had not, in a way, forced her hand; but he had been quite calm that day they met in the cool morning-room of her mother's house. How exquisite she looked in her white gown, with her wonderful red-brown hair coiled on her neck, and her beautiful, earnest eyes filling with tears as he spoke!

"And so, Margaret, my dearest, we must say 'Good-bye.'"

"Good-bye? Because you need me more than ever? Because, instead of being a brilliant, successful man, you will be—?"

"A useless invalid, a miserable mole, who must be for ever dependent on a servant or a staff! That is what I shall be soon, dear—you need not hesitate."

"And, because of that, I am to leave you! What sort of woman do you take me for, Phil?"

And then she, the reticent, the undemonstrative Margaret, the calmness of whose love for him had sometimes filled him with vague uneasiness, bent forward and kissed his lips.

Everyone protested loudly against the marriage; but it took place, nevertheless, and she was with him in the hour of agony, when the light of the world was closed to him, as they thought, for ever! If anyone had told him, even then, that life could have been so pleasant! "Your friends would have gathered round you, just the same, without me," she would answer lightly, when he touched on that theme.

But he knew better—

Laugh, and the world laughs with you!
Weep, and you weep alone!

Those who came to his house now joyfully, willingly, would have paid hurried, jerky visits, duty-calls, which would have been a bugbear to them. Her presence made all the difference; he was not the lonely, inevitable invalid with whom it is impossible to talk because *the* one subject which is tabooed is *the* one always so painfully present to the mind; her woman's tact made everything easy: his blindness was an accepted fact, the morbid sensitiveness which makes it intolerable to a sufferer to hear of things he cannot share had been smoothed away by her tenderness; he could bear to hear talk of pictures and art, he was so blessed in possessing her that the rest seemed almost easy.

Their house was the rendezvous of artistic London, and he could fancy his "rare, pale Margaret" moving among her guests like some dainty divinity among her worshippers.

For they were all her slaves! he knew that. Oh, he was not jealous! her praises were very welcome in his ears, he liked to hear them dwell on her perfections; and how they all admired her! from cynical, crotchety Mark Chean to careless, hairbrained Grantley; there was only one man among them all who was reticent about Margaret now he came to think of it, and that was Aubrey Kenyon. And it was a little strange, because he was such an intimate friend; indeed, it was he who had helped Margaret through the first terrible days after the blow had fallen.

Dear old Aubrey! but he could quite understand that some of his friend's little peculiarities might jar upon Margaret's highly sensitive nature; he was a trifle abrupt, a little masterful, and she was used to such undivided sway; but they were merely tricks of manner, and now, soon, very soon, he would be able to set everything right. They two

must be friends, fast friends; and probably Aubrey looked on Margaret as unduly fastidious and puritanical, while on her side— But it would be easy to make them understand each other when once more he could move among them, his own self, when once again he could *see!*

He leaned back in his chair with a sigh of supreme happiness. He who had been condemned to external darkness was once more to behold the exquisite light of day; he who had tasted of the bitter waters of helplessness was once again to be restored to self-reliance. The great experiment had been dared; for him science had essayed the impossible, and essayed it with success; the terrible ordeal had been passed, in a few days he might dare to look upon his darling wife's face.

Oh, why was it that that short time seemed so inexpressibly wearisome? The long months of the preceding years, unrelieved by any hope, had scarcely appeared so interminable.

Margaret! Margaret! To look into her eyes, to note how faithfully his memory had served him in every detail of face and form!

He trembled as he thought of it. What had he done to deserve so much mercy, so much happiness? Ah! how perfect he would make his darling's life; it should be one long dream of bliss. She should have everything that makes life worth living—honour, riches, fame. He would immortalise her. The wonderful visions of art which had surged in his brain during those long months of blindness, making him sick and desperate with the knowledge of his helplessness, he would realise them all now! he would paint such a picture that the world would pause in its wagging to look and wonder, and then pass on its way, saying, "The woman was his wife."

There was nothing he would not accomplish for her sake, she—the star of his life, the motive-power of his existence, his Margaret—and—

Oh, if those long days of waiting were but over, if he could but see her!

And the passion of his longing made his whole frame tremble. How would she look when at last he saw her with the eyes of his body?

In his visions of her she wore always that rapt, earnest look she had worn that day when she claimed the right to hold to her engagement. And he must wait till to-morrow, and a day longer than that, before he could feast his eyes on her beauty.

He remembered a little sketch he had made of her long ago; had she changed since then, he wondered—was some of the girlish grace gone, to be replaced by a more womanly dignity? He would like to see that portrait again; it used to stand on his writing-table, over there in the corner by the window. Was it there still? He felt sure he would find it even now! He rose, and, with the deftness of a man used to the darkness, felt his way to the little escritoire; he passed his hand lightly along the smooth shelf at the top—yes, the portrait was there! It was still in its old place. It was like Margaret to have left all things as they were. If he could only look upon it; if he only dared! This waiting was terrible. Surely it could not matter much, for just one little moment to raise the bandage and *see!*

It was folly, madness, the unreasonable desire of a child; but it shook him from head to foot with its intensity. He would do nothing rash! But he must, he must!

The bandage was pushed back quickly, and he cowered back with a half-smothered cry. The light of the room, dim and subdued as it was, was too much for him, and yet—and yet—he *saw*. After a second's pause he once more glanced round him, and strove to discern the once familiar objects, but his uncertain gaze fixed itself quickly upon the little sketch of his wife's head. He sat down in the chair she had pushed back from the writing-table when she went out an hour ago. Poor girl! this waiting was growing intolerable to her too. He recalled the weariness of her voice as she had come towards him then.

"I will finish my letters later, Phil. I have a nervous headache now. Will you spare me for a little?"

Oh, how selfish he had been! He had thought only of his own misery of waiting, forgetting that it was her trial too, for she loved him! He looked again at the fair, girlish head, seeing more clearly and distinctly than before; and then suddenly, in a passion of worship, he put his lips to the portrait, and then again let them rest on the open page of her blotting-book, where her hand must have rested. The white page was seared and lined across with the impression of her writing—those fine, clear characters he used to love so. He wanted to see them again, not their faint reflection, but themselves, standing out in bold relief; there must be some scrap of her writing in here—he would find it, look at it just once, and then go back to his old seat and wait; perhaps he would tell Margaret, when she came back, that he might have the pleasure of hearing her soft voice gently reproving his rashness. But first, he must see her writing—a scrap, a word; and, smiling at his own folly, he turned over the leaves of the blotter, from which a faint, indefinite scent of violets came to him.

At last! He took the papers in his hand. Yes, he recognised Margaret's hand perfectly—he was cured! His blindness was a thing of the past—he was again as other men! Why as he looked the very words became clear to him, the temptation to try his new-found power was too great; he read—

"You will do what I ask, will you not? You will go away? I could not bear it, Aubrey; I must go through with my task till the end! Why was I mad enough to think I loved him? And you—you! Oh, my dearest! do you know, do you guess what you are to me? Be brave for

me ; help me to save him from ever suspecting ; help me to be true to myself—go away ; leave me to fight it down alone ; in a few days he will be able to scan my face, he must find nothing but smiles. I cannot see you again—I dare not ; you must go out of my life altogether, and—Ah, no ! not forget me, not quite, not yet— Dearest, I cannot go on, my head is swimming ; it is so hard to write ‘good-bye,’ Aubrey, I have not the courage now, and yet—”

Philip stared at the abrupt ending, stupidly. What was it ? What did it mean ? It was a letter, a letter written by his wife, but what did it signify ? His eyes were burning, yet he must read it again, he must try to understand. Each word burnt itself into his brain, as, heedless of the throbbing, blinding pain, he struggled through the paper once more. Great God ! it could only mean one thing. He ground his teeth together and clenched his fists in his agony ; there was no mystery about it ; it was as clear as noonday, as commonplace as the trashiest French novel. His wife—his best friend ! It had been so pitifully easy to fool him ; it was such a simple comedy to play ! His eyes lighted on his wife’s portrait, and a mad rage seized him. He rose from his chair, white as death, and unconscious of the terrible pain in his eyes. He would find her now ; he would tell her he knew all—all her treachery, her guilt, and then she should go wherever she would. He had done with her for ever ; he loathed her, hated her. As for him, for the man, he hardly gave him a thought ; it was against her, against Margaret that he raved—she, the patient, angelic wife ! He laughed a hard, ugly laugh as he staggered towards the door. Something was dragging at his throat, choking him. Great balls of fire were dancing before him, but he must go now—at once, directly. Everyone should know her for what she was ; he would punish her. And then—he stopped—everything was blurred and misty before him ; a wild whirl of confusion, and then—nothing, only the old blank, the terrible darkness ! He stumbled on, not realising at first what had happened till he fell heavily against a small table. God ! he was blind ! hopelessly, helplessly blind !

He sank down in a heap. The misery of the moment was almost too deep for mortal man to bear. To live on for months and years the unloved encumbrance he now was, he could not, he would not ; at least, he would save his name from dishonour. She should be free !

Once more he groped his way to the writing-table, and having found the second drawer, drew from it a tiny toy revolver. He stood there a moment, his sightless eyes fixed on the little sketch he had kissed so lovingly a short while since.

So she would never know, never guess. Perhaps, perhaps it was better so ; it was the only way ; he could not live now, *knowing* ; he would doubt every caress, it would be torture worse than death ; to die was nothing, and yet— “Oh, Margaret, if I could have died before I saw ! Margaret !”

And, at the same moment that a light hand was laid on the handle of the door, there came from within a quick report, and a dull, heavy, ominous thud.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The “Zeitgeist Library” (Hutchinson) commences with a story, “The Zeitgeist,” by Miss L. Dougall. This industrious and promising young writer needs to be warned against verbosity. Her present story opens well, and one hopes for a new motive vigorously treated. It soon becomes dull, and the readers who reach the end will, I fear, be very few and very weary. Yet there is excellent stuff in the book, and, if it had been less pretentious, and about one-third the size, it might have made an impression. Miss Dougall must not take herself too seriously, and must avoid the oracular and the pompous. She has done nothing nearly so good as “Beggars All.” To redeem the promise of that book would put her in the front rank of living novelists.

It is a pity to see an author condemn a good book of his own making by an unhappy title of his own choosing. Here is a very fairly able and interesting collection of stories, by Mr. H. D. Lowry, which goes out to the world robbed of half its chances by a name that will scare away every healthy reader, and attract all the maudlin, and three-fourths of the morbid ones. The title is “Women’s Tragedies,” and it would be hard to find a worse one. It is all very well to face a tragedy when it comes, inevitably, inside a book. But to be met by a label proclaiming that you are to have one tragedy on the top of the other, and nothing else, makes one’s gorge rise.

As a matter of fact, there are at least eleven women’s tragedies in Mr. Lowry’s book, and the strongest effect of each is to cancel the effect of its neighbours—a little comforting to readers, but not at all satisfactory to the author, I imagine. There is a warning in the result to the writers of short stories : a long story may with much greater impunity maintain an unrelieved gloom from beginning to end than a series of short ones. Read singly, however, Mr. Lowry’s Cornish tales of woe are good. Refinement and restraint and a poetic handling of his themes make his book one of the better volumes of the “Keynotes Series.”

Mr. James Graham continues his interpretation of the Spanish dramatist Echegaray to English readers. He made a very unfortunate start with “A Son of Don Juan,” which was merely an adaptation, and not a first-rate one, of Ibsen’s “Ghosts.” And he prejudices some shy and difficult readers by the rather fulsome tone of his eulogy. Echegaray is evidently a very clever dramatist, and a man of most versatile powers ; but his translator and introducer proclaimed his genius a little too loudly, not for truth, may be, but at least for the taste of those who like to form their judgment for themselves.

The second play that Mr. Graham gives us will rouse less combative ness. It has no preface, only a second and quite superfluous picture of the dramatist. It is an original play, not a mere adaptation. “Mariana” (Unwin) reads as if it might act well on the English or any other stage, though it might want considerable alteration to bring the manners it portrays and the fashion of its dialogue into unison with our stiffer, colder moods. Even its humorous passages would provoke the wrong kind of laughter—the one, for example, where Trinidad, the widow, confides sentimentally to her friend Clara, “The first thing that I felt with regard to my poor, dear Paco—may he rest in peace !—was an invincible desire to bite his hands, because they were always beautifully white and well cared for . . . You understand ?” There must be some adequate English translation for that savage impulse, which a clever adapter would doubtless discover.

Mariana, the central figure, is interesting enough to make even a less well-constructed drama successful. She is a tragic coquette—a strange mixture of an ancient feminine desire of conquest and a very modern cynical scepticism. Indeed, there is a great deal of life and truth in the play, and Mr. Graham would have our undiluted thanks for his interpretations of the new Spanish drama, if only he would do his work in more native English.

The story of Renan’s life and labours has been very pleasantly written by Mr. Francis Espinasse for the “Great Writers Series” (Scott). The subject, if it was to be dealt with at all except in a library for scholars, demanded a strictly popular treatment, and this Mr. Espinasse has found it possible to give. For Renan was a very human and delightful personality, and the most abstruse of his works contain passages that set the imaginations of the unlearned aglow. The account of him will not feed controversy—indeed, controversy has been entirely avoided by the omission of any definite criticism. Only summaries of his greater works have been attempted, but these are excellently given.

Only a reviewer knows how hardy and perennial a plant is the poetical drama. The scoffs of the critic avail just as little to kill it as the complete public ignorance concerning its existence. It seems as if it were well-nigh impossible to make a stir in the world by a tragedy in verse, and yet of metrical tragedies there is a continual crop. In the average books of lyrics one finds a considerable amount of talent, but the smallest talent in the dramatic verse of to-day is very rare indeed. Where it appears it should not be undervalued.

o. o.



MRS. COMPTON.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

With the Japanese Troops.

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his despatch to New York, dated
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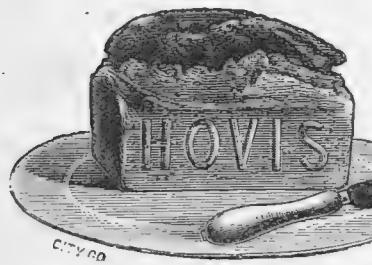
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(Its Terrible Consequences).

J. T. E. states: "My wife had been under treatment by three doctors at different times for several years for Acute Neuralgia in her head and face, and under their directions had nine teeth extracted. She got no permanent relief whatever until last spring, when we purchased two bottles of Guy's Tonic, which put her right within a week. Since taking Guy's Tonic she has not had a severe attack."

Permission

Has been granted to publish the above statement. The original letter, with full name and address, is on file at the new offices of the Guy's Tonic Company, 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W., and may be inspected by anyone interested.

Miss L. A. BEEBE, of 21, St. James's Road, Croydon, writes on Feb. 8, 1895: "I have been taking Guy's Tonic for Dyspepsia and Neuralgia, and have derived great benefit from its use. It has proved such a valuable medicine in my own case that I have recommended it successfully to several friends. I only wish I had heard of Guy's Tonic years ago instead of in 1894. If you care to add this to your list of testimonials, you are quite at liberty to do so; and I am sure I hope it may help to bring your remedy the universal renown it so well deserves."

Another correspondent states: "Guy's Tonic has done wonders for me. I suffered from Indigestion of long standing, and of a very severe character. I had loss of appetite, more especially for breakfast, distension and general uneasiness after eating, as well as irresistible drowsiness after each meal. There were also flushes of the face, redness about the nose, unpleasant taste in the mouth, with a coated tongue, acidity, and gradually increasing bad health. For strengthening the Stomach and rousing the failing appetite, I consider Guy's Tonic a perfectly reliable medicine."

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LEADING LIGHTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN STAGE.

MR. AND MRS. R. BROUH IN LONDON.

Just as in England the names of Irving, Tree, and Hare mark the progress of the modern drama, so also in Australia the names of Brough and Boucicault are always associated with the most successful, intellectual, and elevating aspects of English dramatic art. They are names which at once conjure up a host of theatrical associations and recollections, and are additional testimony of the accuracy of the hereditary theory as applied to stage families. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the persons in question, Mr. Robert Brough and Mr. Dion Boucicault, bear the names of fathers who have left their impress on the history of the stage, and that, while both of them have been working successfully for many years past to educate public taste in high-class drama in Australia, their sisters, Miss Fanny Brough and Miss Nina Boucicault, have amply demonstrated the possession of the family gift on the English boards. The third person who may justly be termed a leading light of the Australian stage is Mrs. Robert Brough, to whom modern English dramatists, particularly Mr. Pinero and Mr. Grundy, owe the graceful presentation to Colonial audiences of their greatest female characters. For the past seven or eight years these three players have produced, on the average, a dozen new plays a year. Thus it is that most of the successes of modern dramatists have seen the light in Australia, and have become proportionately as successful as their original productions in London. For nearly ten years Mr. and Mrs. Brough have been playing before Colonial audiences without rest or change, beyond that involved in covering the great distances which separate some of the Colonies. They have now decided to take that holiday which they have so well earned, and which the generous Australian public readily acknowledged to be their due. For this purpose they are visiting England. The primary object of the visit is, of course, rest and recreation; but Mrs. Brough has openly expressed her intention of appearing before London audiences, if a congenial rôle is offered to her.

It is probable, also, that Mr. Brough may appear. The praise which has been lavished on these two capable players during the last few years by Colonial critics of both the new and old school has been so unanimous and so flattering that "the Broughs"—as they are familiarly known in Australia—have at last decided to put into practice that desire which comes to all Colonial players, of submitting their acting to the judgment of the more exacting critical faculty of the Metropolis.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Brough are proud of calling themselves Australian players, and owe the ability they now possess to experience gained in the Colonies, they are both English-born. Mrs. Brough claims London as her birthplace, and, before going to Australia, she played under the name of Miss Florence Trevelyan. She was then an actress who had not risen above the horizon of a provincial company. Shortly after marrying Mr. Brough, the pair were engaged by Messrs. Williamson and Musgrave, the well-known Australian *entrepreneurs*, to undertake the leading rôles in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Iolanthe." It was about ten years ago that they first appeared in Melbourne. Mr. Brough at once became a popular favourite by his interpretation of George Grossmith's original part, the Lord Chancellor. Mrs. Brough was not so successful in the name-part, and she soon discovered that comic opera would not bring her fame. For a time they played in burlesque, in company with Miss Fanny Robina and Mr. Phil Day, and "Little Jack Sheppard" gave Mrs. Brough an opportunity of showing her versatility and capability as an actress. In course of time, Mr. Brough joined hands with Mr. "Dol" Boucicault, and they started, at the Melbourne Bijou Theatre, the now famous Brough-Boucicault Comedy Company, which has been instrumental in placing before the Australian public nearly all the successes of the London stage, outside melodrama, burlesque, and comic opera. Mrs. Brough assumed the position of leading lady, and the wide range of characters she has created, without ever seeing the originals, is proof of the possession of

versatility highly developed. As evidence of this, it is only necessary to mention a few of the plays produced by the company during the past three or four years, in each of which she has played the leading female rôle: "Dr. Bill," "The Idler," "Dandy Dick," "Jane," "A Pair of



MRS. BROUH.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

MR. ROBERT BROUH

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

MRS. BROUH AS LADY NOELINE IN "THE AMAZONS."

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

Spectacles," "Peril," "The Profligate," "The Schoolmistress," "The Dancing Girl," "The Middleman," "Lady Bountiful," "The Squire," "Joseph's Sweetheart," "Aunt Jack," "The Amazons," "The Bauble Shop," "Captain Swift," "Diplomacy," "Fédora," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Liberty Hall," "The Times," "Sowing the Wind," "The Sportsman," "Niobe," and several others, not to mention some of Shakspere's comedies. In the majority of these plays she has been a notable success. Some proved to be outside her range, but even these characters she handled with tact and discretion. There are not many actresses whose range extends, equally successfully, from the gay frivolities of "Aunt Jack" and "The Amazons" to the serious, emotional demands of "Diplomacy" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; and advocates of the good old stock system—which still flourishes in Australia—will find no better examples than Mrs. Brough and the other members of the Brough-Boucicault company.

Where Mrs. Brough has done everything so well, it is difficult to single out any particular character for exceptional praise. The opportunity to lift herself into the front rank came with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and it was certainly in this play that Mrs. Brough set the seal on her great ability as an actress. Her performance as Paula received the highest praise the Australian critics could accord, and convinced the playgoing public that she was equally effective in portraying tragic intensity of feeling as in playing light comedy parts. Mrs. Brough was placed at a disadvantage in the creation of the part of Paula in neither having the advice of Mr. Pinero nor the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She formed her own ideas about the play, and her rendering of the part was generally accepted as the correct one. She assumed all through that Paula was at heart a thoroughly good woman, and that she suffered more from the good that was in her than from the bad.

"My sympathies," Mrs. Brough will tell you, in talking, as she loves to do, of this erratic, impulsive woman, "are entirely with Paula. From the very moment she comes on to the stage—from that period of her life, her one idea, her one aim, is to lead a good life. If Paula had been utterly bad she would never have suffered as she did. If she had been the utterly depraved woman some people try to make out, she would never have killed herself. She would have gone back to her old life. Paula's suicide is the final vindication of the nobility of her character. What makes the play so marvellous is the fact that people are able to take so many and such widely divergent views of it."

"And how do you like the part?" I asked Mrs. Brough.

"Oh!" she replied, in enthusiastic tones, "I simply glory in it. It is the most powerful and most beautiful part I have ever played. It is so fine to act, and I consider it the greatest privilege an actress could have to try to play a part like this. It is so full of emotion, and brings so many faculties into play. Some people say I don't make the character coarse enough; that it is too refined. It seems to me that if the part were coarsely and vulgarly played, Aubrey Tanqueray is not the sort of man to marry such a woman. Then a good many people also express their opinion that all the sympathy is intended for Aubrey, and none for Paula. I can't say that I agree with this view. I think Paula is a woman who excites the tenderest and profoundest sympathy. My sympathy is with her entirely, and perhaps that is one reason why I am able to play the part so well as some people are kind enough to say I do. But these are points on which I would so much like to consult Mr. Pinero! It is a great advantage to an actress to be advised by the author on the subtleties of a part, and I can quite understand, in a character of this kind, what an immense benefit it must have been to Mrs. Patrick Campbell to have rehearsed under Mr. Pinero's supervision."

Mr. and Mrs. Brough regard Australia as their home, and it is not likely that even the favourable opinions of London critics will induce them to remain long away from a country where they meet with so much kindness, and encouragement, and appreciation, and in which they are such universal favourites.

R. C. BURT.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

At last we are likely to have some interest infused into an English Derby. The Guineas showed Raconteur and Speedwell to be non-stayers, but it is just on the cards that both will run better at Epsom. At the same time, Sir Visto will improve in the interval, and the Premier need not yet despair.

As with almost every other "dark" animal with classic engagements, so in the case of Le Var, trained at Kingsclere, are conflicting reports to hand. Some state him to be a bad mover, and not at all possessed of good qualities, while others put him down as a high-class colt with splendid action. As long ago as last November I had it, on the very best authority, that this son of Isonomy was something out of the common; so, after this, if any of my readers fail to keep him on the right side, it will not be through any fault of mine.

The good old Chester Meeting will be a great success, thanks to the untiring energy displayed in its management by Mr. Mainwaring. The Cup looks like a good thing for Son of a Gun, and, still taking public form for it, I think El Diablo will win the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park.

I was pleased to see Mr. E. Tattersall at Newmarket looking, despite his years, quite well. It is not generally known that the founder of the firm was, in the last century, the principal proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and, as proprietor, he had to pay immense sums of money on account of the great number of libel actions which were then brought against the

proprietors of almost every newspaper and periodical of the period. The original Tattersall owned the celebrated horse Highflyer, with which he won great sums of money; and, if the present head of the world-renowned firm could only own such another good horse to win him a few races, all the frequenters of racecourses would be delighted.

To show how the firms of Tattersall and Weatherby have kept in touch with each other for a century or more, it is only necessary to state that the following advertisement appeared in Mr. Tattersall's paper, the *Morning Post*, of April 10, 1773—

April 7, 1773.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Jockey Club having, at a full meeting, been pleased to appoint James Weatherby (Keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket) to publish the "Racing Calendar" for the future, and agreed to support him in that undertaking, he begs leave to return them his sincere thanks for this additional mark of their confidence and favour. He humbly requests that such Noblemen and Gentlemen as shall be pleased to honour him with their names as subscribers, will send their address to him at Mr. Tattersall's, at Hyde Park Corner, London, where all Advertisements of Horse Races, &c., will be received by him, and carefully inserted in his Calendar, and any other Paper, and where the earliest intelligence may be had. He also earnestly entreats that the several Stewards of Races or Clerks of Courses will favour him with the Advertisements thereof as soon as possible, and that they will also be so obliging as to send him early and correct lists after such Races are over.

I am very pleased to hear that my old friend, Mr. "Kangaroo" Hill, the well-known and widely respected sporting journalist, is once more restored to perfect health; and this appears all the more remarkable as I learn that Mr. Hill lost twenty-eight pounds in weight in a month during his late illness, caused by an affection of the liver. Mr. Hill

has had a large and varied experience of racing, both in England and Australia; and it can be safely asserted that he is a thorough judge of race-horses and racegoers. Mr. Hill has, in his time, put in some good work for the *Melbourne Argus*, *Australasian Sporting Telegraph*, *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and latterly for the *Sportsman*. Grinding out columns day by day, for racing is no child's-play, and, in doing it, to have to burn the midnight oil, is telling on the strongest of constitutions. Mr. Hill very often attends a far-away race-meeting,

and returns to Fleet Street late at night to turn out a column of "Vigilant," which, by-the-by, he does in a happy style, displaying a thorough acquaintance with horses, men, and manners. After the writing comes the tipping, and this entails the necessity of being in touch with the latest scratchings, gallops, arrivals, and form, compared to which the mastery of the whole of the books of Euclid is child's-play. Mr. Hill manages to surmount all these difficulties with success.

It is well known that racing-men, even jockeys, dress in the height of fashion. True, the late Lord Randolph Churchill once went down to Aesop wearing a blue serge suit and a tennis-hat, and the late Sir John Astley always affected the white bowler and a red necktie; but these were exceptions to the rule. I am, however, sorry to notice a growing fashion to wear silk hats at race-meetings. This form of head-gear is, in my opinion, the most uncomfortable that was ever devised, and the top-hat in warm or wet weather is an unmitigated nuisance that should be abolished.

As Mrs. Langtry seems to be "on the boards" just now, an anecdote about some advice she once gave to a speculator will not come amiss. Once upon a time, she was at Algiers at the same time as Mr. Robert Peel, eldest son of Sir Robert. The tale goes that, one night, young Peel won at the French Club 75,000 francs, six-sevenths of which sum came out of the pockets of a wealthy Yankee, who experienced no more difficulty in paying than did the Leviathan bookmaker, Davies. Peel recounted his good fortune to "Mr. Jersey," who urged him to stop playing while on the right side. He did.

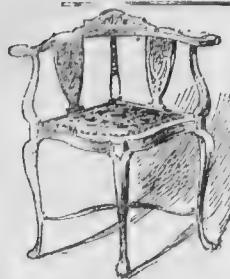
Visitors to Malton Steeplechases no longer see the old house at Highfield where, for over a century past, some of the most prominent Northern trainers of the old school have resided. The historic old house was pulled down last year, and the stabling and sleeping-quarters of the stable employés have been improved and made more in keeping with the new and handsome residence which William I'Anson, the last occupier of the old house, has had built. Mr. I'Anson has also laid down a new tan gallop on his own estate, so as to be independent of the Langton Wold training-ground.



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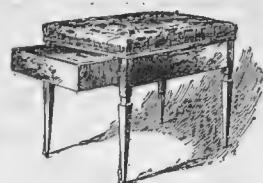
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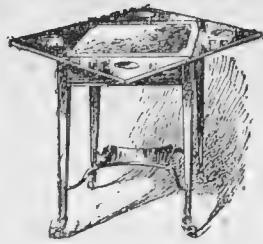
Dark Mahogany Corner Chair,
with underframing,
Seat upholstered in handsome
tapestry, finished copper nails,
27s. 6d.



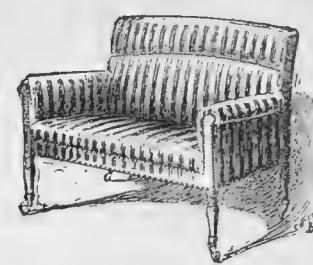
Sheraton Inlaid Tea-Tray, 10s. 6d.
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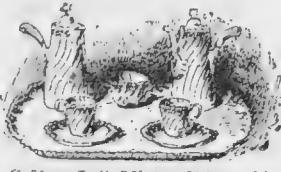
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry,
39s. 6d.



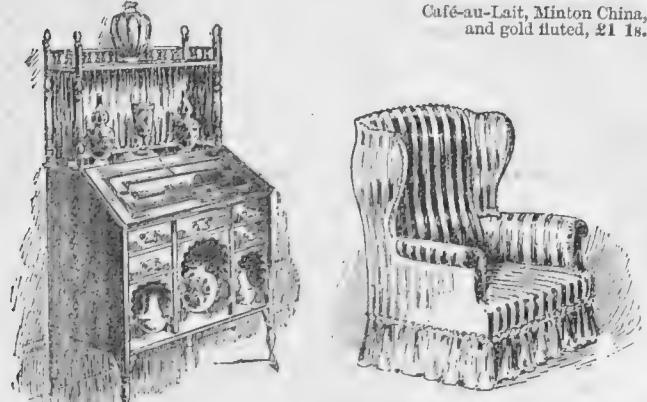
Card-Table, Envelope Folding,
2 ft. 7 in. across top, £2 15s.



Settee in Striped Velvet,
Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in.
£5 10s.



Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white
and gold fluted, 21 1s.



Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak.
4 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 7 in. wide.
£4 15s.



The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high,
27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED
ALL HAIR, 55s.
With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce
as shown, 25 15s.



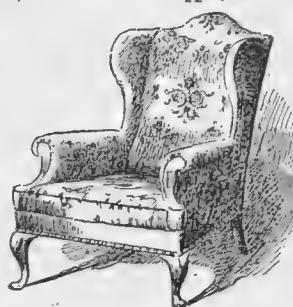
China-Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany
4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



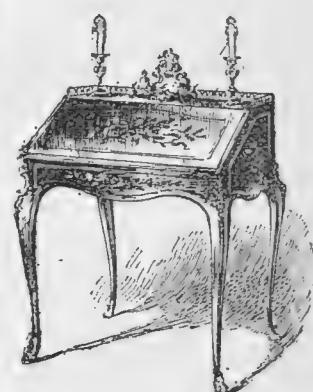
Claret-Jug,
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Crystal, 10s.



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Copper, 14s. 6d.



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Lady's Bureau, Inlaid Rosewood,
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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The Budget of 1895 has proved, as everybody expected it to prove, a singular contrast to the Budget of 1894. The latter was by far the greatest, most comprehensive, and most interesting rearrangement of finance since the days of the great Gladstone Budgets. The former is as tame and flat a statement of the National balance-sheet as can well be imagined. There is absolutely nothing in it. It is a mere totting up of the figures on the one side and the other, ending in the striking of a balance. Indeed, the whole affair was more like the finance meeting of a company than an assembly of the House of Commons met to consider the National incomings and outgoings. And when Sir William Harcourt has a dull subject, he can be dull with a vengeance. He reads from his elaborate notes with a funeral air, and the measured cadence of his voice is only relieved, now and then, by a dry cough and a clearing of the voice. It is this which marks out the Chancellor of the Exchequer from Mr. Gladstone. The ex-Premier, whatever were his faults, was never dull. He always seemed to consider that on the speech he was making, whatever the subject might be, depended the fate of the British Empire and of the universe. In Sir William's speech there was not the faintest touch of drama. It was simply a monotonous and machine-like outpouring of figures, very well arranged and interesting enough in their way, but the human interest was absent. And so, of course, was the slightest stroke of financial genius. What we gather is, that we are spending, and are going to spend, a very large sum on our Navy; that the standard of life seems to have risen slightly, in spite of certain ominous facts; that we are not drinking so much; that we are eating rather more; that we continue to pay off our debt, whereas other Great Powers are adding to theirs; that the Suez Canal shares have proved a first-rate investment; that we are highly taxed, and are possibly reaching the limits of profitable burden.

BEER AND WHISKY.

As to the one feature of the Budget, little is to be said of it. It is safe; for the brewers, Liberal or Tory, will not, I think, make a great fuss over the continuance of the sixpenny duty. They are glad to be rid of the spirit duty, and their general business is so profitable that they were able last year to bear all the extra taxation and to pile up a handsome sum into the bargain. Another result might easily have accrued had Sir William Harcourt stuck to his spirit duty. The Redmondites would have made great play with this in Ireland, and the general body of the Nationalists would have been embarrassed, and would have felt it difficult to give their support to the plan. Now the Irish are satisfied, and Mr. Redmond is even inclined to boast that his influence has had something to do with the relaxation of the whisky tax. The Budget is, therefore, certain to pass without the slightest trouble or delay. But some little play with it will be made by Tory speakers in the country constituencies. Already they were saying in the Lobby, on Thursday night, "This is a pretty relief to the agricultural interest! We asked for relief for a mixed industry, and the Government's reply is by what is virtually a tax on barley." No doubt, a lot of claptrap of this kind will be talked between this and the General Election. The answer, however, is simple. If the Tories object to the tax, will they pledge themselves to remit it if they come back to power after the General Election? I do not believe for a moment they will do anything of the kind.

A CURIOUS HINT.

There was one sentence in Sir William Harcourt's speech which has attracted a good deal of gossip, and of which we may hear something later on. Sir William rather plainly hinted that he in all probability would not again be responsible for the production of a Budget. What did this mean? ask the quidnuncs in Lobby and Press. On the face of it, it does not seem to be much more than a Harcourtian hint that there will be a dissolution before the next Budget comes round, and that, life and politics being uncertain, the result may be not to send him back as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Probably there is nothing more in it, least of all a suggestion, which the *Times* rather clumsily conveys, of the approaching resignation of Lord Rosebery. What is tolerably certain is that, if the Government does not come back, Sir William will retire from political life. He is over seventy, the sight of one eye is permanently affected, and he has not the very robust figure and habit of life that belongs to Mr. Gladstone. He has had, too, his great disappointment; and now he is never likely to be Prime Minister, he will probably not see the force of bearing Lord Rosebery's burdens in conducting a long uphill struggle for power which he may never get. Sir William's career is indeed closing, and one cannot help feeling sorry that it was not rounded off with the Premiership.

The spring number of the *Minster* (A. D. Innes) is first-rate. It has the best article on the young Queen of Holland that I have seen; a delightful contribution by Lady Hallé, with some reminiscences of her career; an amusing story by Anthony Hope; and the commencement of a series of articles, dealing with "The Progress of Black and White Art," by Linley Sambourne. The daughter of the clever *Punch* artist, by the way, illustrates a story in the *Minster*. Mr. Clifford Harrison proves to be as careful as Walter Pater in his choice of words; he writes as well as he recites—I can think of no higher praise. There are many other contributions to this excellent sixpenny magazine, which looks very pretty in its new wrapper.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Budget can be very briefly described. There is no change from last year, except that the extra spirit duty has been dropped. The one concession goes, as usual, to Ireland, and the Anti-Parnellites are grappled still more closely to the soul of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Happy Anti-Parnellites!

A REMARKABLE OBITER DICTUM.

Sir William Harcourt's Budget speech was as humdrum as his Budget. It was spoken in a low and quiet voice all through, included the usual little jokes, and was simply a business oration. There was not a "purple patch" from beginning to end of it. But the evening did not pass without something more remarkable from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It came in his supplementary speech in answer to the first perfunctory criticisms. In his most serious manner and most weighty tones, Sir William discussed the question of our increasing national expenditure. "We have reached," he said, "in my opinion, the limits of tolerable taxation. I ask the House to consider what are to be the results if we are to go on at the rate of adding £6,000,000 in every two years to the expenditure of the country? There is no other result than this—you must have an enormous increase of your taxation, and taxation is very high now. If you are going to demand additional assistance towards the rates, you may have it to the extent of sixpence in the pound, at the cost of an income-tax amounting to tenpence in the pound. You cut off the sources of revenue every day; you increase expenditure every day; and the consequence is that you must meet the question of increased taxation. In my opinion, that is a very serious question for the House and the country to face. The demand for increased expenditure is made by the House, and, so far as I can see, is supported by the country. But if we are able to face that expenditure to-day, shall we be able to face it to-morrow? Shall we be able to face it in the years to come unless we take a serious view of our position? It is my duty to warn the House on that subject. It may be, and probably will be, the last occasion on which, from a responsible position, I shall be able to use these words to the House of Commons or to the country, but I do so now with feelings of the deepest responsibility. You have reached a point where you cannot afford to go on increasing the expenditure of the country at the rate at which you have been going on in recent years, and if you do go on you will find yourself face to face with a burden of taxation which the country cannot and ought not to bear."

EXCITEMENT IN THE HOUSE.

The reception of these words by the House was remarkable. "Why, why?" shouted the Ministerialists, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of its being the last occasion on which he might address the House of Commons from a responsible position. "What does it mean?" was what everyone was discussing in the Lobby. "Is Lord Rosebery going to resign the Premiership? Is the Government going out? Is Sir William Harcourt going to retire because he cannot get the Cabinet to stand by the Local Veto Bill? Or is it simply an indication of Sir William's belief that a Unionist Government will be in office next year?" These were the principal questions asked. And then came a rush of remembrances of the awkward period before the session opened—of Sir William sulking by his "ain fireside," the recluse of Malwood—and of all the rumoured disagreements between him and his nominal chief in the Lords. What was the truth no one knew, or, if he knew, he would not tell. But, among the more instructed Radicals, there had been a knowledge for the last week that the Cabinet did not see eye-to-eye with the Chancellor of the Exchequer over the Local Veto Bill, and it is not surprising that gossip centred round that fact. As I observed last week, the recovery of Lord Rosebery was a political event which was not unlikely to have certain results. The revived animosity between him and Sir William Harcourt was one of them.

LORD ROSEBERY'S CONCEIT.

It must be a puzzle to a good many people that Lord Rosebery should care to be Prime Minister, all things considered. I wonder if the explanation which is accepted by many good judges is the right one? According to these experienced politicians and old hands in journalism, Lord Rosebery veritably believed last year, when he became Prime Minister, that his duty to the country required it in the then state of foreign affairs. That he alone was able to guide the ship of State through the stormy seas of foreign diplomacy was, according to this interpretation, the motive of Lord Rosebery's Premiership. The Queen besought him, and Lord Rosebery consented, unwillingly. And now the rumour has again been about that the war in the East, to say nothing of our "spirited" behaviour in Central and Southern America, requires Lord Rosebery's hand on the tiller still. It seems rather absurd when set out like this. Just so much I can believe to be true—that it was because of foreign affairs that Lord Rosebery was made Prime Minister rather than Sir William Harcourt. But if there is more in this view than that, if Lord Rosebery encourages himself to think that he is indispensable, and is more necessary to the State than Lord Salisbury, I can only wonder at the colossal conceit of it. And, on the whole, there is much reason for regarding Lord Rosebery as essentially a conceited man. There is something not very pleasing in the notion that a conceited Premier stands between the country and the Government it would prefer. But that seems to be the case. Still, if Sir William's remarks are to be interpreted as pointing to an early dissolution, this will not long be so.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

I am not given to looking on the dark side of things, but the unfortunate circumstances which attended the opening ceremony at Lord's, the other day, when English cricketers entered on the first-class season, were sufficient to depress the most enthusiastic among us. Spectators who believed in omens must have gathered plenty of food for their morbid imagination. They saw about a couple of hours' cricket, and then for the rest of the afternoon umbrellas and pavilions shared, between them, the "honours" of the day.

Our morning rose with sunshine and with song,
But long ere lunch our sky was overcast.

And the promise of a lovely May Day was spoiled by a cold and pitiless downpour of rain that would not have disgraced the bleak traditions of February. The real question of the hour would appear to be not as to who will win the county championship, but who will escape the disagreeable humours of the Clerk of the Weather. Many unkind things have been said about the dead football season, but there was one advantage about the game which sporting scribes, as well as the general public, may be likely to appreciate even in the merry and showery month of May. However disconcerting the game, it never lasted more than ninety minutes. Rain never drove footballers back to the pavilion. There was no hoping against hope that the referee would brave the elements and give the spectators a show for their money. They kicked on with the energy of despair, for the game was limited to a short, if not exciting period; but, in cricket, the weather plays all manner of pranks with its numerous devotees. When Mr. Stoddart's men return to England, however, and their advent cannot be long delayed, May skies will be compelled, out of courtesy, to shine on the flower of our English cricket, and the summer pastime will commence in real earnest. At least, we hope so.

It is not my intention to refer to a game now almost forgotten, excepting in regard to the excellent bowling of Attewell, the well-known Notts professional, who, showing a remarkable return to form, secured seven wickets for 35 runs. The wicket assisted him in some measure, but he kept a capital length, and followed up his trundling with a very clever display of fielding. Attewell has always been noted for his agility between the wickets, and, bar George Lohmann, there is probably no smarter man to be found. The Nottingham team, taking it altogether, is not one of great personalities, with the exception of William Gunn, and I am afraid that the standard of batting is not much of an improvement on last year.

Cricketers were interested to learn that Lord Harris, who has just returned from India, received the unanimous invitation of the M.C.C. to act as their president for the coming year, in place of the Earl of Jersey, who has retired. Lord Harris may be considered as one of the best authorities on county cricket in England, and it is hoped that the new president will find time during the present season to play for Kent. The position of the Marylebone Club grows more commanding every year, and it is safe to remark that no other cricket institution in the world has ever reached so high a pinnacle of sporting fame. The membership, in 1894, consisted of 4034, of whom 214 were life members. The accounts show the enormous receipts of nearly £25,000 (including a loan of £7000), while the entrance-fees and subscriptions amount to £11,525 2s. 9d. In gate-receipts, the Oxford and Cambridge University match produced £1033, and Eton and Harrow £972.

I was chatting the other day to an Australian who had just returned from the scene of the last test-match, and he expressed his surprise at the extraordinary membership of the M.C.C. as compared to that of the Australian Cricket Parliament. Public interest, however, would appear to be a great deal stronger in the Colonies than in England, judging from the record gates at the test-matches; but, then, our Australian friends do not happen to divide their interest so much as we do in regard to both football and cricket. The other sport—or shall we call it "business"?—is that of horse-racing, which is, of course, carried on to a very large extent in the Colonies. Betting on Australian cricket is another all too-fashionable practice, and large sums of money changed hands after the completion of the several international matches.

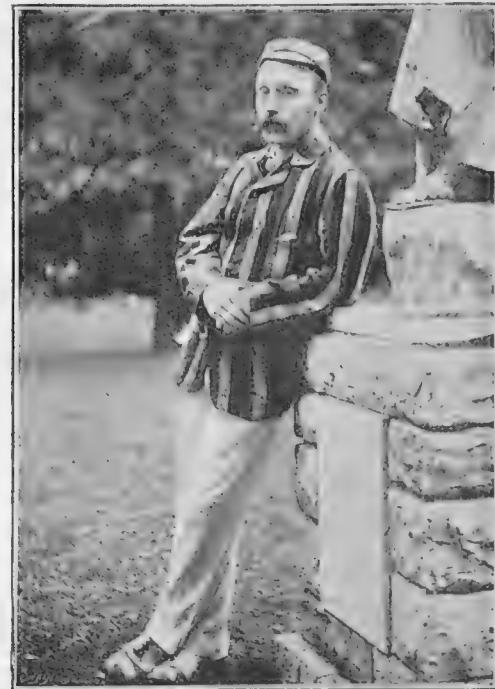
The grounds in Australia are more than equal to our own, although the authorities have no such vagaries of climate to handicap their efforts. At Melbourne, too, there is a huge scoring-board, the like of which has never yet been seen in England, and this board serves as a perfect card of the match to the spectators. It is nearly as large as the block of buildings which stands on the right-hand side of the Lord's scoring-board, and the names of all the batsmen are duly set forth, together with an analysis of the bowling after the completion of the innings. To the uninitiated the present scoring-board at Lord's is not a too-simple arrangement, and no doubt the Marylebone Club will soon be following the example of Melbourne in this particular.

To-morrow the Surrey Club opens its county season with a match against Leicestershire, and I would remind my readers who intend to see this match that Woodecock will make an appearance for the Midland team. This player, who has just been engaged on the ground staff at Lord's for the present season, is a fast right-hand bowler of great promise, and, like many more of his class, takes a very long run before delivering the ball. I hear that the Surrey trio who helped to make up Mr. Stoddart's team will not be home in time for this match, and, with the absence of

Richardson and Brockwell, Leicestershire stand a very good chance of winning a couple of points. At Lord's the M.C.C. will meet Sussex, this being also the opening match of the seaside county. C. B. Fry will again play for Sussex, and, from what I can hear, the batting strength of the team is likely to be well maintained. The only serious lack is that of a good-class bowler, and this defect will, I am afraid, cause, as it did last year, many disasters. The team which has the honour of playing on one of the fastest run-getting grounds in England—I am referring to the Hove at Brighton—requires an abnormally strong list of bowlers; but cricket, unlike football, depends on qualification, and there appears to be no "Richardson" in the county of Sussex.

Next to A. E. Stoddart, who holds the record for the highest individual score in any match, comes J. S. Carrick, who, in 1885, startled the cricket world by scoring 419 (not out) in one innings. Mr. Carrick, who belongs to the West of Scotland Cricket Club, has long been known as one of the best batsmen Scotland ever produced. He is not so prominent now as he was ten years ago, but he still wields the willow with rare skill and power. In his younger days he was also an excellent footballer.

Next Monday the championship season will be continued. At the Oval, Surrey are to play Essex, and, at Birmingham, Warwickshire meet Derbyshire, while Lancashire make their first appearance in London, against an M.C.C. team at Lord's. Somerset pay a visit to the University at Cambridge; and, at Oxford, the Eleven try conclusions with sixteen Freshmen.



J. S. CARRICK.

Photo by Malby, Chichester.

ATHLETICS.

All arrangements have now been completed for the little international event between the London Athletic and the New York Athletic Clubs, and on August 30 the Metropolitan combination will embark on the Columbia *en route* for New York. The following will probably be the order of the events—

100 Yards, One Mile, Putting the Weight, 440 Yards, 120 Yards Hurdle, High Jump, 220 Yards, Throwing the Hammer, Half-Mile, Long Jump, and Three Miles.

Asked whether he would give the names of the competitors, the secretary of the N.Y.A.C. writes—

I am unable to do so at present, for the reason that no selection of those who will represent us has yet been made. A list of the possible team now would include all the active athletes in our ranks, and such a list would afford but slight information as to the eventual composition of the team. Besides, in the course of a month or so we expect some additions to our membership, which would, of necessity, modify the list.

Speaking about the London Athletic Club reminds me that they are holding a second spring meeting at Stamford Bridge next Saturday, when the club challenge-cup contests will comprise 440 yards, 440 yards hurdles, and one mile. At the invitation of the Catford C.C., a number of cycling Pressmen intend to visit the new track to-day, which has been in steady preparation during the winter months. The public opening of the track, as I have already indicated, will take place on May 18.

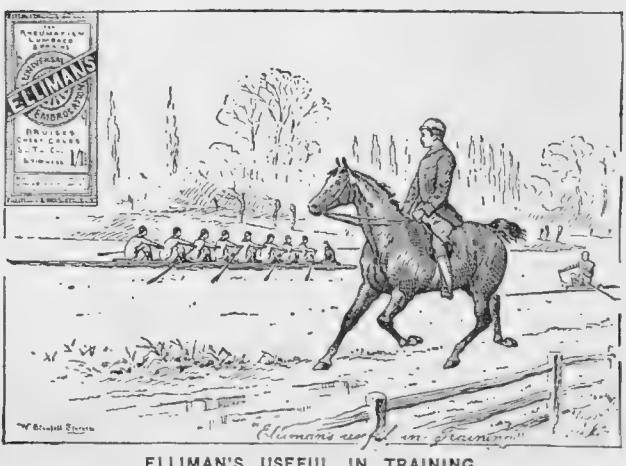
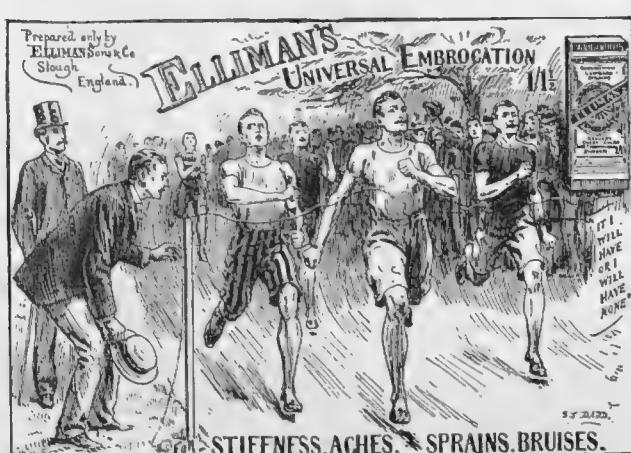
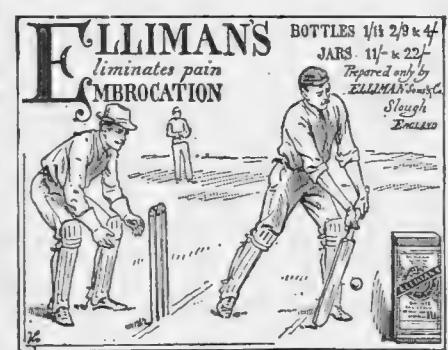
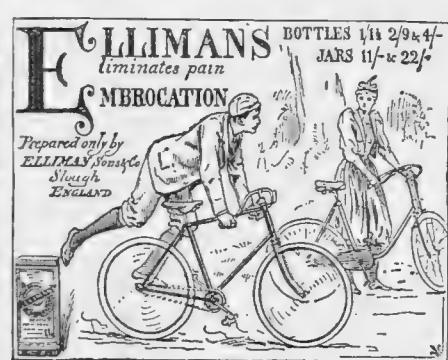
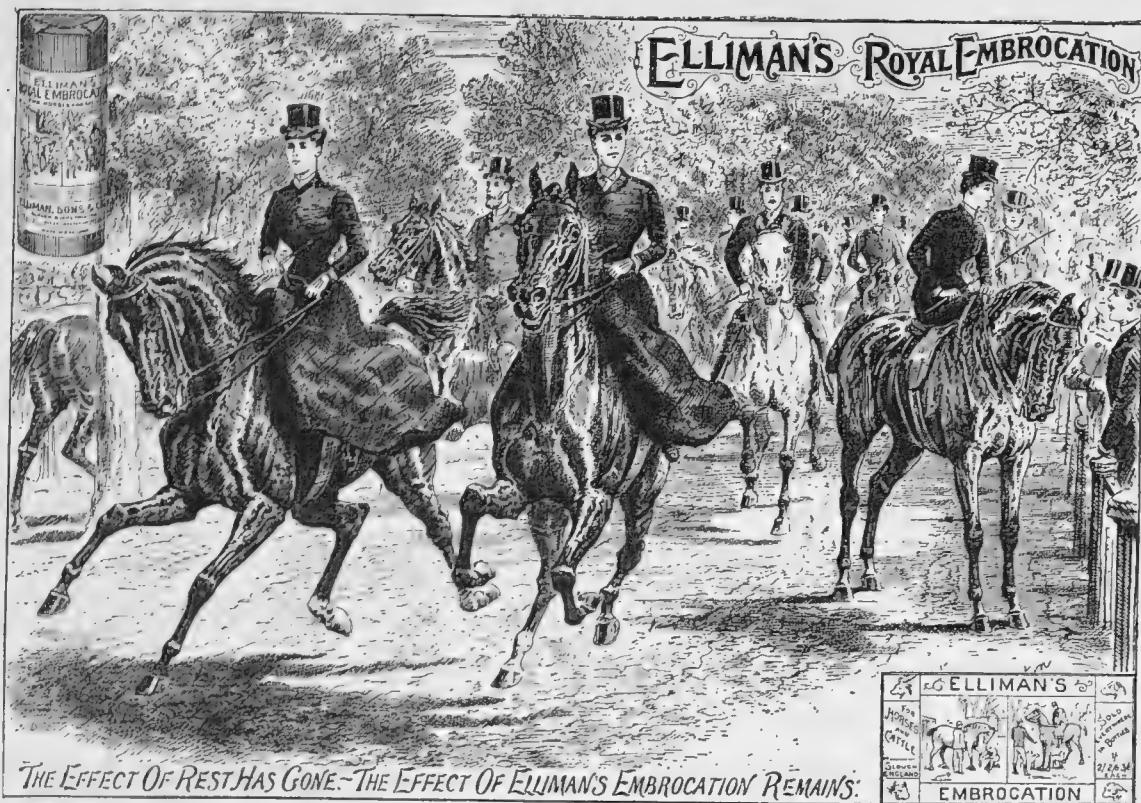
LAWN TENNIS.

The Cambridge University Club will have a busy two months at the nets, and I notice that the following fixtures have been made for the Easter term—

- May 9, Cambridge University v. Lancashire L.T.C.
- May 11, Cambridge University v. Rockferry L.T.C.
- May 18, Cambridge University v. Winchester House L.T.C.
- May 25, Cambridge University v. Chiswick Park L.T.C.
- June 1, Cambridge University v. Kent L.T.C.
- June 3, Cambridge University v. Notts L.T.C.
- June 8, Cambridge University v. Wanderers L.T.C.
- June 12, Cambridge University v. Mr. C. Martin's team.

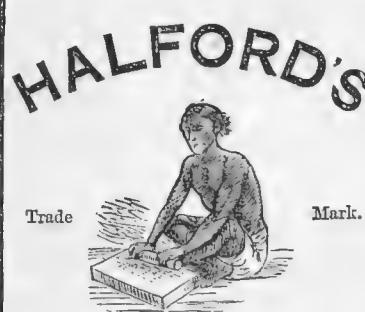
Mr. R. B. Scott (Trinity) is now the president of the club, Mr. S. Martin Jones (Emmanuel), hon. secretary, and Mr. L. R. Wilberforce, M.A. (Trinity), the treasurer.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HOW THEY DRESS IN "VANITY FAIR."

The new Court piece is a veritable dream of beautiful gowns, though, indeed, there is no lack, either, of beautiful women, and the dwellers in "Vanity Fair" must be congratulated—let their other failings be what they may—on their perfect taste in dress, or perhaps, to be more strictly correct, on the genius of their dressmakers.

Mrs. John Wood, for instance, as the Mrs. Brabazon Tegg who boasts that she is "the best-dressed woman in London," is the proud



MISS GRANVILLE.



MISS HELENA DACRE.

possessor of two gorgeous gowns, the first one having a full skirt of dull-pink silk, flecked with lines of white, and brocaded with great sprays of mauve lilac, the bodice, of blue satin, being veiled with cream guipure, embroidered with iridescent blue paillettes and gold and ivory sequins. Then, for the second act, she wears a dress of white moiré, patterned with sprays of some curious tropical flower (I am not enough of a botanist to place its name on record), while the bodice is arranged with straps of black tulle, glistening with steel paillettes and holding in full folds of white chiffon, the requisite touch of colour being given by a corsage bow and full puffed sleeves of deep-pink mirror velvet, the sleeves slashed open in the centre and turned back, almost in revers form, to show a glimpse of the arm between. The finishing touch is given by a waistbelt of steel sequins, and you can, perhaps, imagine something of the whole beautiful effect.

Dashing, up-to-date smartness is represented by Miss Helena Dacre, as Lady Jacqueline Villars, otherwise "Jack," and her first gown is simply—as she would herself say—"immense!" Made of buttercup-yellow silk, the skirt fulness springs out at the sides from a slightly shirred drapery which crosses the hips, the front seams being piped narrowly with silk and the big pleats at the back being arranged almost in bow form at the top. The bodice is equally worthy of admiration, for it has great puffed over-sleeves to the elbow, of black satin spangled with steel sequins, a glittering belt of the sequins encircling the waist, and a huge bow of black satin finishing the neck at the back. But the most notable feature of all, perhaps, is the great square collar of the silk, with a bordering and insertion bands of creamy guipure, handkerchief points of spotted lawn, edged with lace, falling beneath it in the front and at the back, and again over the shoulders. Crowning all is a big sun-burnt straw hat, bedecked with a wide-spreading bow of shot yellow glacé ribbon and black wings, and, when "Jack" throws herself back, with indolent grace, into a capacious armchair, and puffs lazily at a cigarette, she looks like the incarnation of a picture by Jan van Beers. When the curtain goes up on Act II., this same "Jack" is discovered singing a rowdy coster song, which is in startling contrast to her gorgeous dress. The material thereof is pink satin, brocaded with clusters of ostrich feathers, tied together by true-lovers' knots in broad ribbon, the bodice draped across the figure and fastened at the waist by a diamond buckle. The *décolletage* is outlined by roses—great, full-blown flowers, ranging from palest pink to deepest crimson; and, in place of sleeves, there are ropes of roses over the shoulders, and again above the elbows; while high on the right shoulder rise three black ostrich-tips. There is, really, no medium course, it appears to me: we must either cover our arms entirely with balloon-like puffings, or display them to their fullest extent, unadorned save by a trail of flowers. Well, as women are divided into two classes, those with beautiful arms and those with arms which are not beautiful, this arrangement meets the case very well, and enables everybody to be satisfied.

I also expended a great deal of admiration upon a cape, which Miss Dacre wears in the last act—a full, much-befrilled garment, like a great, full-blown pink rose, only its petals are formed of glacé silk, and its brightness is veiled by soft draperies of black chiffon, the black satin yoke being overlaid with cream guipure, and the ruffled chiffon collar

set with a cunning little rosette and bow of rosy-pink silk. A high-crowned hat of black lace, with nodding ostrich-tips, and many pink roses, is the fitting accompaniment to this ideal cape.

Then, if you want to change to charming girlish simplicity, there is pretty Miss Nancy Noel and her three charming gowns to rest your eyes upon. In Act I. she has a skirt of white glacé silk, with a *chiné* design of tiny pink roses and tender-green leaves, arranged in festoons, the white silk bodice, covered with white lace, being, of course, arranged in a box-pleat in front, a touch of rose-pink velvet at neck and waist, and bretelles of black net sewn thickly with silver, gold, and iridescent sequins, combining to make the bodice a thing of beauty. The sleeves are charming—a great puff of satin to the elbow, and then transparent, shirred cuffs of the lace, this veiled glimpse of the arm being infinitely more becoming and attractive than the unadorned and trying bareness which is the accompaniment of the elbow-sleeves now being thrust upon us by Dame Fashion. For Act II. Miss Noel has an evening-gown which is a combination of pale yellow, pink, and white—just like a Neapolitan ice, as its dainty little wearer described it. The skirt and Watteau back are of yellow satin, and the draped bodice of pink satin is fastened at the left side by two rows of tiny diamond buttons, and bordered by diminutive pink Banksia roses, which nestle against the billowy folds of white chiffon softening the corsage. The puffed elbow-sleeves are of white satin, with a bunch of pink roses tucked into their fulness; and, for a girlishly pretty gown, you could have no more perfect model than this. For day wear, the same remark applies with equal force to Miss Nancy's last dress of pale-yellow spotted muslin, the skirt bordered with a narrow flounce, and the baby bodice crossed by a frilled fichu of white chiffon. This has a charmingly contrasting collar and waistband of pale-blue glacé ribbon sprinkled over with pink roses and edged with a narrow line of black satin. I really think that we should get up a vote of thanks to theatrical managers for going to such an infinity of trouble and expense to provide us with living models of the latest fashions, especially when, as in the present case, they dress the piece by such an eminent firm as Russell and Allen. As a matter of fact though, the stages of our principal theatres nowadays are the very best places to find original ideas, for the fierce light that beats upon the stage makes perfection in the way of costumes a necessity.

But, all this time, there is handsome Miss Granville waiting for attention; and I must say that it is curious to see her in such very worldly attire, when one remembers her grave beauty as the soberly attired nurse in "The Masqueraders." But the change is very becoming. Her first dress simply cries aloud to be copied, it is so particularly effective, and, withal, simple. Fashioned of eau-de-Nil crépon, the bodice has great cape-frills, with an appliquéd design in mauve silk, covered with filmy white lace, while shimmering passementerie, in tones of green and mauve, is laid on almost in Zouave form, a glittering fringe of iridescent beads, in the same colours, falling from the yoke, and the



MISS HELENA DACRE.

MISS NANCY NOEL.

skirt, too, being adorned at each side of the waist by a fringed strap of passementerie. The hat is a dainty affair of green straw, trimmed with two clumps of mauve hydrangeas, white lace wings, and black quills. Her evening-gown is of leaf-green velvet, made with absolute simplicity, the full skirt hanging in imimitably graceful folds, and the corsage adorned by a deep band of wonderful pearl embroidery, studded with brilliants and silver sequins, a great loose bunch of lilies-of-the-valley and mauve orchids being placed, with artistic carelessness, at the left

side. Over this lovely dress is subsequently thrown an imposingly handsome cloak of pink glacé silk striped narrowly with black, and trimmed with cascades and frills of mellow-tinted lace, with a button-holed design, while it is fastened in quaint fashion across the front with bands of black satin caught into silver buckles. A tailor-made gown, of grey-and-black check, ends the category, the short, full basques of the coat-bodice revealing a rosy lining, and the vest being a delightful little arrangement of pale-tan lawn, trimmed with insertions and frills of yellowish Valenciennes.

I could go on to tell you of a white silk gown, with hand-painted sprays of giant roses and pipings of black satin; of a turquoise-blue dress, into which mauve is introduced with excellent effect; and so on, *ad libitum*; but I fancy that by this time the most voracious seeker after new and pretty things will have become satisfied; and, besides, matters even more weighty than dress claim our attention, for is not the season of spring-cleaning drawing on apace, and will not our houses soon be made uninhabitable by the more or less zealous spring frenzy of our maids? As for me, my first move in the way of preparation has been made in the purchase of half a dozen bottles of "Scrubb's Cloudy Household Ammonia," which, as far as I can find out by experience, will clean anything and everything, from your face to your silver. It is, therefore, about the best return for a shilling (this is the modest price for a large bottle) that the most economical soul could desire. I have tried Scrubb's Ammonia, I must tell you, for cleaning jewellery and laces, and I have seen the most aged carpets restored to some of the brightness and beauty of their first youth by being brushed over with a solution of the ammonia and water. It is equally valuable in the laundry, and when oilcloth, painted woodwork, and marble are being treated in the course of the spring-cleaning, insist on some of Scrubb's Ammonia being used, and then mark the result. Again, if you have dropped some grease on a favourite dress, Scrubb's Ammonia will remove it; and, as a matter of fact, to make a long story short, it will do everything. As for its uses as a toilet preparation, they are almost too well known to need mention; but still I may just say that, if you want all the refreshing and cleansing effects of a Turkish bath at a cost of about a halfpenny, add two tablespoonfuls of Scrubb's Ammonia to your bath, and the thing is an accomplished fact. I should advise you, too, if you want to have a clear complexion, to use a few drops in the water whenever you wash. It is wonderful what a difference it makes, especially if you also call in the aid of Scrubb's Antiseptic Skin Soap. So, altogether, apart from enthusiasm—and I must own to being enthusiastic

in the hands of all who would clothe themselves according to the fashion, and that, too, with economy.

The amenities of lovely woman towards her own sex have long been the subject of shafts sarcastic from the cynical philosopher. The side-wind of an afternoon party blew me an enchanting encounter of wits some days ago. Two charming girls stood in a packed



MISS PEEL'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

doorway, not listening to the light tenor, who vainly lifted his head-notes above a chattering crowd—the charming girls were tilting at one another busily. Said one, "You look so much better this season than last, dear. In fact, Mother says you grow steadily younger every year. By the way, how old are you now?" "Just six months older than you, sweetest. What is your age?" And, of course, one dear girl was perforce obliged to take six years off her adversary's sum-total in sheer self-defence.

FLORENCE.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

No greater social nuisance than the autograph album can exist for the man who has none of the larger troubles of life. Why will people pester their friends to write quotations—or, more criminal still, original verse—in silly books? Given anonymity, and the struggling poetaster may ease his soul and line his pockets with mediocre verse—I have done so myself many a time and oft. When it comes to writing, signing, and delivering to perpetuity the crude efforts of a moment, thought of what may follow should "give us pause." A short time ago I was sufficiently indiscreet to listen to the voice of a siren, and sign some verses in her autograph-book. I did this without looking through the volume to see who had also offended, without thinking that the book might travel and that my indiscretion might return after many days. Quite recently, a good-natured friend met me at a dinner-party, and said to me across the table, "Didn't you write verses, old man?" "What do you mean?" I asked, feeling like a newly boiled lobster. "I was looking in Miss Z.'s book to-day," the friend continued, "and I saw some over your signature. I'm going to recite them to the boys afterwards"—and he continued to eat and drink, while I had no more appetite than a dying man. It was his moment of triumph, but Nemesis was nearer to him than he thought. My partner was the host's daughter. "Don't be frightened," she said, *sotto voce*; "he wrote in my book once, before he was engaged, and his fiancée is here to-night. As soon as we go into the drawing-room I'll send the book down by one of the servants." And then my appetite returned sevenfold. Sure enough, as soon as the ladies retired, the gentleman began to lead up to his subject. Then a servant brought me a book with a page turned down. My would-be tormentor saw my defence and turned the colour of Mr. Lane's quarterly review. He changed the conversation; as soon as possible he was by my side to apologise. He looked as though he had backed three losers in succession. My triumph was complete; I protracted his torture with an indifference worthy of an old-time Inquisitor. Nevertheless, mine was a narrow escape. These albums should be abolished, and I myself would give a trifle to withdraw a few from circulation. Talking of autographs reminds me that, during the recent epidemic, a friend of mine, whose signature is much in request among the fair sex, was, for a couple of weeks, a victim to influenza. He deputed his brother to answer all his letters, and, as many of these were requests for autographs, the brother gave as good a copy of the original as a very different handwriting would permit.

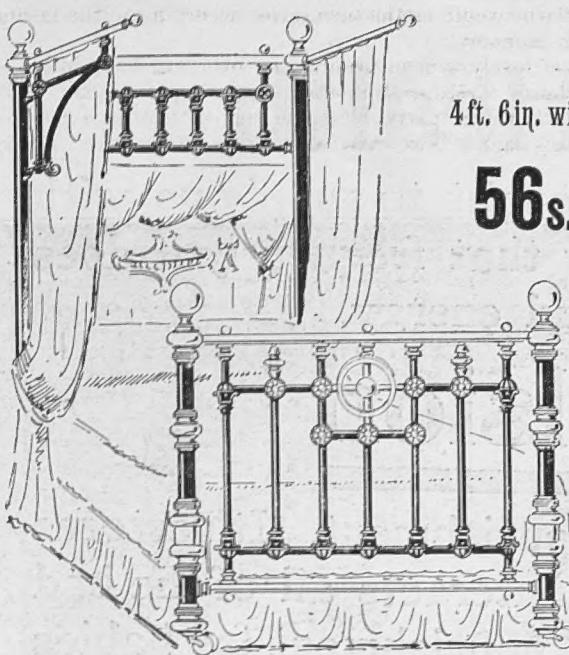


MISS PEEL'S WEDDING-CAKE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

on the subject—don't you think that you had better, every one of you, expend a shilling this very day on a bottle of Scrubb's Ammonia, and prove its virtues for yourselves? You will find that it is sold everywhere.

Mr. Doré, the well-known tailor of Conduit Street, has issued his new price list. It is illustrated by a clever caricaturist, and should be



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is to be well-nourished. The food we eat ought to supply us with all the nourishment we need, but we know that frequently it does not. There is wasting of strength, flesh and energy.

Scott's Emulsion

is concentrated food--the very essence of nourishment. It restores lost vitality, stimulates the appetite and counteracts all of the bad effects of wasting. It is the most effective nourishment for babies and children who do not thrive, and is without a peer as a cure for Coughs, Colds, all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Emaciation, Loss of Flesh, Weak Mothers and Wasting Diseases of Children.



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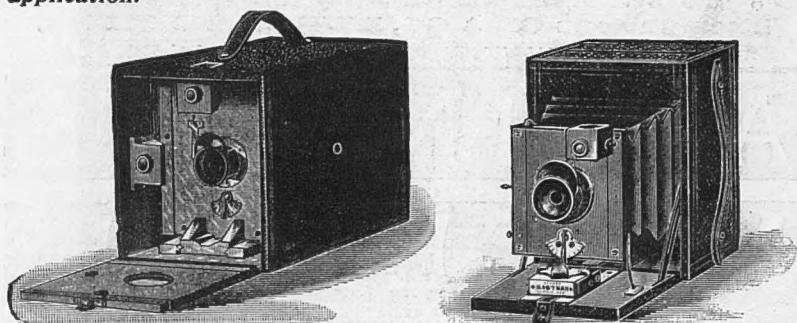
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E. Ritson.

E. Buss.

H. Parker-Smith.

C. H. Saul.

F. Poole.

B. Tweedale (Umpire).



E. Rome.

J. Flockton.
J. Ashton.

F. M. Provis (Captain).

P. Raundrup.
H. Wallace.

R. Wallace.

THE SOUTH MANCHESTER TEAM (THE WINNERS BY FOURTEEN GOALS TO THREE).

A. D. Tabrum.

G. W. Footit.

C. O. Macadam.

S. M. Knight.

E. H. Sexton.

N. S. Johnston (Umpire).



P. J. Bangs.

S. Vines.
J. Knight.

T. F. Goddard (Captain).

F. Mundy.
W. Johnfire.

C. S. Knight.

THE SNARESBROOK TEAM.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 4, 1895.

The Budget, which was looked forward to with some misgivings, has had no effect on the Stock Exchange. Money has improved a little in value, perhaps on the large subscriptions for Colonial loans, but the public appetite is well exemplified by the enormous applications not only for the Government issues offered, but for concerns like Louise and Co., in which, it is said, the capital required was offered ten times over. The mining boom proceeds on its wild career, and Yankee rails continue a good market.

Coin and bullion continue to leave the Bank of England in moderate amounts for home circulation, but otherwise the last return is featureless enough.

The success of the New Zealand and West Australian loans has been very remarkable; and for a country like the former, with a population of about 700,000 souls, and a debt of over £39,000,000, to be able to borrow at about 3½ per cent., is certainly extraordinary, showing, as it does, how hard driven people are for good investments. We confess, dear Sir, we cannot see the advantage of allowing our dearly won savings to go so far away for so little return.

The tone of the investing and speculating public has so changed within the last six months that we hardly know whether it is worth while to write to you about such subjects as Home Rails and foreign bonds, for nothing except mines, American Rails, and Home Industrials seems to have any attraction for our clients at the moment; indeed, of all the letters we receive from your friends, dear Sir, it is quite a relief to open one which is not concerned with not only mines, but, what is worse, mining rubbish, showing clearly the tendency of public taste.

The Greek elections are a matter of sincere congratulation, and may lead to a settlement of the debt question, and, despite the "patriotism" of the Russian press, nobody really believes in serious complications over the Chinese peace. The Mexican Budget shows that the country is fast recovering from bad times, and that the very smallest rise in the exchange would make the small deficit into a surplus. We have always recommended the 6 per cent. bonds of the Republic, from about 59 upwards, and, when we see Italian Rentes at over 87, and Spanish 4 per cent. stock at 70, we wonder why Mexican 6 per cents can be bought at about 80, or a little above.

The key of the American Market is the position of the roads now in the hands of receivers, and it is to be hoped that the success of the Atchison reorganisation may stimulate efforts to rescue the other lines from the unfortunate position into which the crisis of 1892-3 plunged so many of them.

As to Erie, the chances are not encouraging, despite the fact that it has been in bankruptcy for over two years, and that a scheme was approved as far back as January, 1894. It is practically certain that matters will end in foreclosure, but, from the increased price of the shares, it is not unreasonable to think some fresh proposals are in the air. The Reading road is even worse off, as it is engaged in a big fight to secure 21 per cent. of the anthracite coal traffic, and, until this preliminary point is settled, there seems very little prospect of anything definite being carried. The Union Pacific reorganisation depends on how the Government debt is arranged, but, however favourable the terms may be, it is certain that a heavy assessment on the shares is inevitable, while, of the Northern Pacific, we can only say that the best chance lies in the hope of associating the line with those under the management of Jim Hill.

Although the Norfolk and Western Road was the last to fall into receivership, it is certainly the most likely to emerge first, and it is already reported that a plan has been prepared which is said to involve an assessment of about 7 dollars.

The shareholders of the Grand Trunk have done their duty and delivered the road from "the old gang." Until we know the composition of the new board, and the necessary change of executive officers in Canada which this will involve, it is too early for us to pronounce an opinion on the future. We believe there is a chance of saving the concern, but strong measures will be necessary, and a clean sweep must be made of the leading officials in Canada. Sir Rivers Wilson is not a railway expert, and every effort should be made to obtain a first-class official from an English or Scotch line to take Sir Joseph Hickson's place. On this selection the future will greatly depend. Give the "new brooms" time to sweep up, dear Sir, and be sure that your only chance is to trust them, in the full assurance that nothing can be worse than the management from which you have been delivered.

The Kaffir circus shows very little sign of the end of the boom, but you will not forget, dear Sir, that it is out of the bluest sky a thunderbolt often comes, as the speculators who "got left" in the last Australian land boom know to their cost. Every now and again we get a small setback, but, on the whole, prices go up with leaps and bounds. We are told Knight's will see £10, but, be this as it may, whenever there is a little reaction, the buying comes from a good quarter—so good, indeed, that if we were at liberty to mention names you would be astonished. Consolidated Buffelsdoorn, at about thirty-five shillings, seem to us to present a favourable opportunity for those who can afford to take up what they buy, and, on merits, we have no doubt they will increase in value, as should Metropolitans, of which we hear excellent reports.

Great efforts are been made to boom a concern called the Charters Towers Consolidated, and we don't say they won't succeed; but we know

the mine, which used to be called the Peabody, has hitherto proved next door to valueless, for the ground is hard and the reef small, while as to the North Australian reef, said to run through the lease, it may be worth two ounces to the ton, but costs about three ounces to work, as the unfortunate Mosman shareholders, who have tried for years to make it pay, know to their cost. Give this affair a wide berth, dear Sir. The tipsters and outside brokers are also puffing Murchison Gifts, at about four shillings, and, for a time, no doubt, it may be worth while to buy a few, always assuming you understand it is a gamble, in which you are backing the circularising fraternity. The game is very simple, and is being worked in the case of half-a-dozen companies (none of whose names we have mentioned) at this moment. The *modus operandi* may be described as follows. Allot to the vendors all the shares, either fully paid or with a small liability, and then give one or more of the bucket-shops a few thousand, with the call of the rest at various figures, from a shilling or two upwards, as a further incentive to work. Some of the newspapers, generally of the struggling kind, are induced, for a consideration, to take the deal up, and a few jobbers get the "put and call" to make a market. The tape-clerk, often innocently, sends out prices, as if these were active dealings—and *voilà tout!* If the public is in the right mood, it is fairly easy to work off thousands of shares in this way, resulting in splendid profits for everybody except those purchasers who "get left." Read the puffs contained in the wretched rags sent to you by the shoal every week, dear Sir, in the light of these remarks, and you will not be far from the truth.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

THE NORMAL POWDER SYNDICATE, LIMITED, is a modest concern, with a capital of only £10,000, half of which is being privately offered. We advise our readers to let it remain on offer, for we do not believe in secret processes, nor in nitro-glycerine powders. The thing seems honest enough, but lots of money have been dropped in honest enterprises.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. D.—(1) The jobbers tell us Straits Development shares should be held, but, if they were ours, we should sell. (2) We consider the committee of shareholders should be supported, and that every statement made by it is to be relied on. Support the committee, therefore, in every way against the late directors.

LINCOLN.—The mines you mention are not thought well of, because of the mystery about how they were acquired and brought upon the market. We have no special information, but most people in the House distrust them, and we should not be buyers. The secretary's answer to your inquiries should be enough to rouse suspicions.

Scor.—Yes, certainly; only take a reasonable profit when you can get it, or make up your mind to put the shares away and look upon them as an investment for your children.

DVIS.—The concern you name is the production of two bucket-shops, and we have no confidence in it. We hear Western Australian Development are in for a rise, and Hannan's Brown Hill is a really sound concern.

S. P.—We never answer letters except in accordance with Rule 5. We really have very little to add to the paragraph you have seen; we knew many people would mistake the concern for the important brewery of the same name, and we wished to warn our readers against the mistake. Take an opportunity of selling as soon as you can get a profit, or even do so without loss.

GWELO.—The market does not look on these shares favourably.

DUBIOUS.—(1) We like these shares and should hold. (2) There are many better. As far as we know, there are no substantial reasons for the fall beyond vague talk of over-production, and some idea of the combination breaking down.

D. C. W.—All brokers deal in every market; only jobbers confine their attentions to particular markets. We have sent you privately the name of a firm of brokers that you may safely deal with.

CAUTIOUS.—(1) We cannot find *sound* English Brewery shares to pay 6 per cent., and we would not touch either of the two you mention. United States Brewery pref. shares would be far better, and, in our opinion, safer. (2) Don't touch Lisbon-Berlyns. Try Graskops, Thistle, or Western Australian Development.

OLIVE.—You had far better buy a freehold ground-rent with your money than New Zealand stock at present price.—Consult a good lawyer.

Scor.—City of Mexico Five per Cent. bonds would suit you, as you will get a good bonus on drawing and high interest meanwhile. Try Moodie's, but take a quick profit. See "Notes" and answer to "Cautious."